CHILD-LIBRARY READERS

BOOK ONE

ELSON EXTENSION SERIES

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THE ELSON EXTENSION SERIES

CHILD-LIBRARY READERS

BOOK ONE

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON
AUTHOR OF THE ELSON READERS

AND

LURA E. RUNKEL
PRINCIPAL PATTISON SCHOOL, SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

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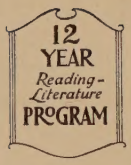

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CONTENTS

PAGE

SILENT READING PICTURE STORY (See page 170) 6

PART I—STORIES AND POEMS OF NATURE

ALICE AND THE BLUEBIRD ..... *Patten Beard* 7
THE BLUEBIRD ..... *Olive A. Wadsworth* 16
HOW LITTLE BROWN BEAR GOT READY FOR WINTER ..... *Myrtle Jamison Trachsel* ... 17
HOW WEST WIND HELPED DANDELION .. *Emilie Poulsson* 23
THE FOOLISH FOX ..... *A Hebrew Tale* 30
WHAT TINY RAINDROP DID ..... *Old Tale* 35
RAIN ..... *Robert Louis Stevenson* 39
HOW THE CRAB FOOLED THE FOX ..... *A Chinese Tale* 40

SILENT READING REVIEW STORY

THE LITTLE GRAY LAMB ..... *Lawton B. Evans* 44

PART II—MODERN STORIES

THE BOY'S CASTLE ..... *Carolyn S. Bailey* 51
A MOTHER'S SONG ..... *Eleanor S. Fielden* 58
THE OLD MAN AND HIS GOLD ..... *Phila Butler Bowman* 59
SELLING SNOWBALL ..... *The Youth's Companion* 66
THE BOY WHO NEEDED NO HELP .... *Anne Elizabeth Allen* 73
NIGHT AND DAY ..... *Mary Mapes Dodge* 81
RUNAWAY BROOK ..... *Eliza Lee Follen* 82

SILENT READING REVIEW STORY

HOW LITTLE RABBIT WENT SOUTH .... *Anne Schütze* 84

PART III—FOLK AND FAIRY TALES

PAGE

DRAKESTAIL ..... *A French Fairy Tale* 92
THE STAR MONEY ..... *Grimm Brothers* 106
THE CUP OF MILK ..... *Carolyn S. Bailey* 110
THE TOP AND THE BALL ..... *Hans Christian Andersen* ... 116
SNOW-FLAKES ..... *Mable Fletcher* 122

SILENT READING REVIEW STORY
THE LITTLE BLACK POT ..... *A Danish Folk Tale* 123

PART IV—OUR COUNTRY AND ITS FESTIVALS

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY ..... *Alice Thompson Paine* 131
HELPING EACH OTHER ..... *The Christian Register* 137
JACK'S THANKSGIVING ..... *Bessie Stager* 143
THE LITTLE ENGINE ..... *Mabel C. Bragg* 151

SILENT READING REVIEW STORY
THE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS SONG ..... *Carolyn S. Bailey* 158

GOOD NIGHT ..... *Mary Mapes Dodge* 168
PICTURE REVIEW LESSON 169

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS 170

SOME BOOKS FOR A ROOM LIBRARY 174

WORD LIST 175

INTRODUCTION

The *Child-Library Readers, Book One,* is the second book of the *extension series* planned for the school reading program. When used to follow *The Elson Readers, Book One,* notable economy will result from the absence of duplicate stories. Moreover, the *Child-Library Book One* is admirably suited to follow any other first reader, for most of the material is fresh and distinctive.

As in the *Child-Library Primer,* the stories have been selected for their child-interest and wholesome ethical content. Kindness, cheerfulness, contentment, industry, coöperation, generosity, love of home, and obedience are attractively portrayed in interesting stories, yet without any atmosphere of preachiness.

A distinctive feature of this Reader is the unique provision made for Silent Reading. The very first page of the text material (page 6) offers opportunity through silent reading to test the thought-getting power, at the same time linking the *Child-Library Primer* and *The Elson Book One* stories with those to be read in this book. At the end of each group of stories throughout this book, there is given a Silent Reading selection, carefully adapted to contain only words previously known to the child. These stories (see pages 44, 84, 123, and 159) provide thirty-two pages of an exceptional kind of Silent Reading material for training in both speed and thought-getting ability. Suggestions for using this material appear on pages 170-173.

The *Child-Library Readers, Book One,* is based on the belief that what the child needs when he has gained control of 600 to 700 words in his basal reading, is not primarily *more* words, but the wide use of this vocabulary in new and interesting associations, with only a minimum of new words to learn. In consequence, great care has been taken to make the text simple and easy to master. Only ninety-eight words occur that have not been previously used in *The Elson Primer,* the *Child-Library Primer,* and *The Elson Readers, Book One,* and most of these are words that appear in *The Elson Readers, Book Two.* This text, therefore, serves as a happy means of transition from *Book One* to *Book Two* of *The Elson Series.* On account of the careful gradation—instanced by the gradual increase in sentence length until there is a natural transition to short paragraphs—this book is well adapted to the use of any first grade after a basal text has been read.

The illustrations, which are mainly by Florence L. Notter and L. Kate Deal, are not mere decorations, but are so drawn as to present in visual form the unfolding of the narrative.

*SILENT READING PICTURE STORY**

What do the boy and girl see?

Have you seen any of them before?

Where will you find them by and by?

* For plan of using this picture lesson, see page 170.

ALICE AND THE BLUEBIRD

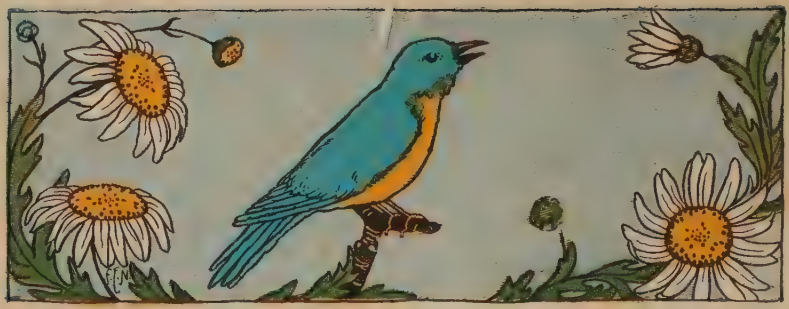
Once there was a little girl named Alice.

She lived in a big white house.

Near the house was a pretty garden where Alice played.

Alice liked to see the birds and the bees.

She liked to see the butterflies, too.



A bluebird came to the garden.

He sang and sang to Alice.

One day he told her an old, old story.

This is the story he told:

Once there was a little brown worm who lived in a big garden.

He crawled from flower to flower.

The little worm was not happy.

"I don't want to be a brown worm," he said. "I want to be a flower.

How can I turn into a flower? I will ask the bees."

Just then the little worm saw a bee.

The bee was flying from flower to flower.

The worm said to the bee, "I don't want to be a worm.

I want to be a pretty flower.

Will you tell me how I can turn into a flower?"

The bee said, "I can not tell you, Little Worm, because I do not know.

Why don't you ask the flowers?

Buzz, buzz. Good-bye."

The little worm crawled away.

At the other side of the garden the worm found a big, yellow rose.

He crawled up the stem of the rose.

Then he said, "Pretty rose, I want to be a flower.

Can you tell me how to turn into a flower?"

The rose could not tell him, and so he went right down again.

He crawled up the stem of a lily, but she could not tell him.

He went right down again.

Then the worm crawled up the stem of a dandelion and asked her, too.

She could not tell him how to turn into a flower.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do?" cried the little worm.

Just then the little worm saw a fairy.

"Oh, Fairy," he said, "I want to be a flower.

Can you tell me how to turn into a pretty flower?"

The fairy said, "I can not tell you.

Go to the fairy of the clovers.

She dances in the meadow all day long.

I think she can tell you how to turn into a pretty flower."

The little worm said, "Oh, thank you, kind Fairy."

Then he crawled away to the meadow.

In the meadow the little worm found the clover fairy.

He told her what he wanted.

She said, "I will help you to turn into a pretty flower.

First, find a four-leaf clover.

Then bring it to me, and I will tell you how to get your wish."

The worm looked and looked.

At last he found a four-leaf clover in a corner of the meadow.

He took it to the fairy.

She said, "Little Worm, you must make a bed to sleep in.

When it is made, you must go to sleep and dream that you are a flower.

Then my color fairies will dance around you three times and make some wishes."

The little worm worked and worked.

At last his bed was ready, and he went to sleep in it.

The color fairies danced around him three times and made their wishes.

One wished the worm would turn into a flower.

One wished he would be a yellow flower.

Another wished he would be blue.

The last fairy wished he would be brown.

Then the fairies danced away.

The little brown worm slept in his bed for a long time.

At last he waked up.

He was not a worm now.

He was not a flower, but he was as pretty as a flower.

He was yellow and blue and brown.

He flew in the sunshine.

How beautiful he was!

He was a butterfly.

"That is all of my story," said the bluebird to Alice.

"It was a good story," she said.

"Will you tell me another one?"

The bluebird said, "Not today, Alice. I must fly home now."

As he flew away, Alice called to him, "Good-bye, Bluebird. Come again soon."

The bluebird liked Alice.

He came to see her again soon.

—Patten Beard—Adapted.

THE BLUEBIRD

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in the tree,
Lived a mother bluebird
And her little birdies three.

"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three.
So they sang and were glad
In the hole in the tree.

—Olive A. Wadsworth.

HOW LITTLE BROWN BEAR GOT READY FOR WINTER

One morning in the fall Little Brown Bear sat under a big tree.

Bluebird came to see him.

She said, "Good-bye, Little Brown Bear.

Winter is coming, and I am going South, where it is warm.

I will come back next spring."

Little Bear did not want winter to come.

He could not go to the warm South.

He thought for a long time.

At last he said, "I will go and talk with Mr. Turtle."

On the way he met Mrs. Duck.

"Winter will be here soon," she said.

"I am going South with my friends.

I was coming to say good-bye to you."

Little Brown Bear went with Mrs. Duck to the pond.

There were many ducks on the pond.

"Quack, quack, quack!" they said.

What a great noise they made!

Mrs. Duck swam out on the pond to her friends.

They all flew up in the air together.

Away they went to the South.

Little Brown Bear started off again to look for Mr. Turtle.

He could not find Mr. Turtle anywhere.

Little Bear looked for Mr. Frog, but Mr. Frog was gone, too.

Little Bear walked on and on.

By and by he found Bobbie Beaver.

Bobbie Beaver said, "I can not stop to talk with you.

I am getting food for winter.

I shall take it to the bottom of the pond.

Mr. Frog and Mr. Turtle are there.

They are asleep in the mud, and they will stay there all winter.

They said to tell you good-bye.

Don't you hear someone calling you?

I think it is your mother."

Little Brown Bear ran home to his mother.

She was near a tree that had a big hole in it.

"I have been calling you, Little Bear," she said.

"Come and help me get ready for winter.

We will put leaves into this hole.

They will make a soft, warm bed.

We will sleep on them all winter."

Little Brown Bear said, "I will help you, Mother.

Bobbie Beaver is getting ready for winter.

Mr. Frog and Mr. Turtle are asleep in the mud at the bottom of the pond.

We must get ready for winter, too."

Little Brown Bear helped his mother put leaves into the hole in the tree.

When the soft, warm bed was ready, they both crawled into it.

They slept there all winter.

—Myrtle Jamison Trachsel.

HOW WEST WIND HELPED DANDELION

A dandelion plant grew in the grass outside a garden wall.

Her leaves were green, and her flowers were bright yellow.

Dandelion was as happy as she could be, because she had many friends.

The raindrops, the sun, and the winds were her friends.

The raindrops gave her all the water she wanted to drink.

The sun kept her warm.

The winds came to play with her.

Dandelion had many flower friends, too.

The clovers lived near her, by the road.

Some garden flowers lived near her, on the other side of the wall.

By and by one of Dandelion's yellow flowers was gone.

Instead of a flower there was a white ball.

The ball was made of little seeds, and the little seeds had wings.

One day Dandelion saw two children in the garden.

Each of them had a little basket.

They were picking the ripe seeds of the garden flowers.

They did not take Dandelion's seeds.

By and by May said, "I have picked all the ripe seeds I see."

George said, "I have picked some, too."

Then May said, "We will take them all to Mother.

She will keep them until next spring.

Then we can plant them."

Dandelion watched May and George put the seeds into their little baskets.

Then the children went into the house.

Dandelion thought about what May and George had said.

She knew that they were going to plant the flower seeds next spring.

She wanted her seeds planted, too.

"My seeds are as ripe as the seeds of the garden flowers," said Dandelion.

"I wish that May and George would come and pick my seeds.

Then they could be planted next spring."

Dandelion felt very sad.

Just then Robin saw her.

"Cheer up! Cheer up!" sang Robin.

Dandelion said, "I can not cheer up.

No one will plant my seeds."

"Wait and see," said Robin.

"Maybe someone will plant them for you."

"Oh, who will take my seeds?" thought Dandelion, when Robin flew away.

Just then West Wind came along.

"Oh, dear West Wind, who will take my seeds?" asked Dandelion.

"I want them planted next spring."

West Wind said, "I will take your seeds and plant them for you."

"Oh, thank you!" said Dandelion.

"But how will you take them?"

West Wind said, "I will take your ripe seeds by their little wings.

I will plant them in many places where there are no dandelions now."

"What a kind friend you are," said Dandelion.

West Wind said, "I like to plant seeds. I plant many seeds every year."

How happy Dandelion was when West Wind called, "Ready. One, two, three. Go!"

Then West Wind blew hard.

Away flew the seeds on their little wings.

Dandelion saw some of her seeds near her.

She saw many of them flying in the air.

West Wind said, "I will blow some of your seeds far, far away."

Dandelion watched the seeds fly far away.

Then Robin came to see Dandelion again.

He sang, "Cheer up! Cheer up!"

Dandelion said, "I am very happy now, dear Robin.

West Wind took my seeds.

He will plant them, and they will grow next spring."

Robin sang a song to Dandelion.

Then Dandelion went to sleep.

—Emilie Poulsson.

L.K.D.

THE FOOLISH FOX

One fine day a fox was out walking.

By and by he came to a fence.

He looked through the fence and saw some ripe grapes.

"I shall have grapes for my supper," he said.

"I will come back and get them when everyone is asleep."

The fox came back at night, but he could not get the grapes.

They were on the other side of the fence.

He could not crawl through the fence.

He tried and tried, but at last he had to give it up.

Then he said, "I am so tired that I can not go home now.

I will sleep for a little while."

The fox went to sleep and dreamed that he was very thin.

He dreamed that he crawled through the fence.

When he waked up, he said, "I will go home and grow thin.

I will not eat anything.

Then I shall grow so thin that I can crawl through the fence."

The fox did not eat anything for three days.

He grew very thin.

But he grew very hungry, too.

He went back and crawled through the fence.

Then he ate all the grapes that he wanted.

He ate so many that he grew very fat.

The fox was so fat that he could not crawl through the fence to go home.

"How foolish I have been!" he said.

"Now I must grow thin again.

I can not eat anything.

Oh, where can I hide while I am growing thin?

I will hide under the grape vines in the corner."

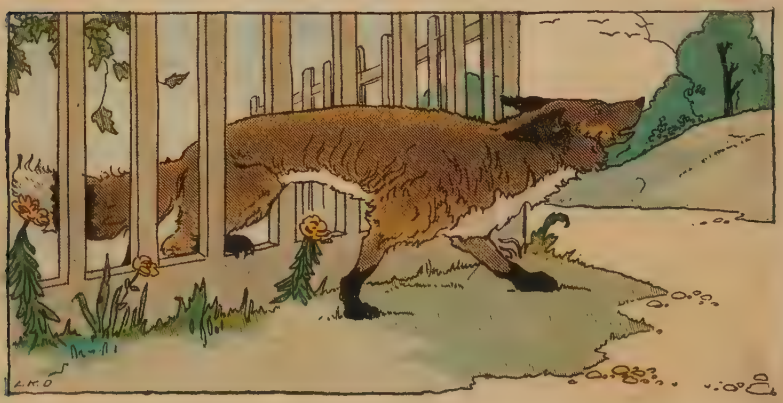
The fox hid under the grape vines for three days.

He did not eat anything, and he grew very thin.

Then he crawled through the fence and went home.

"I will never be so foolish again," he said.

—A Hebrew Tale.



WHAT TINY RAINDROP DID

Once there was a farmer who had a big field of corn.

Every day he went to look at it.

He needed corn for his pigs and his chickens.

The hot sun came down on the field, but the rain did not come.

The corn could not grow until it had rain.

Away up in the sky some raindrops were playing.

Tiny Raindrop looked down and saw the farmer.

She said, "I am sorry for the farmer. His corn can not grow."

The farmer looked at his corn, and he felt very sad.

"Maybe I can help the farmer," said Tiny Raindrop.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Big Raindrop. "What can you do?

You are only a little raindrop."

Tiny Raindrop said, "I know that I am very little.

But I will do all I can.

Here I go! Good-bye, dear raindrops!"

Down went Tiny Raindrop from her home in the sky.

Down, down, she went until she fell right on the farmer's nose.

"What is this?" said the farmer. "A raindrop. How fine that is!

Maybe we shall have a good rain.

Then the corn will grow up tall.

There will be plenty to eat in our barnyard this winter."

All the other raindrops watched Tiny Raindrop go down.

One said, "I have played long enough up here.

I think I shall follow Tiny Raindrop."

"I am going, too," said a second raindrop.

"Wait for me," called another.

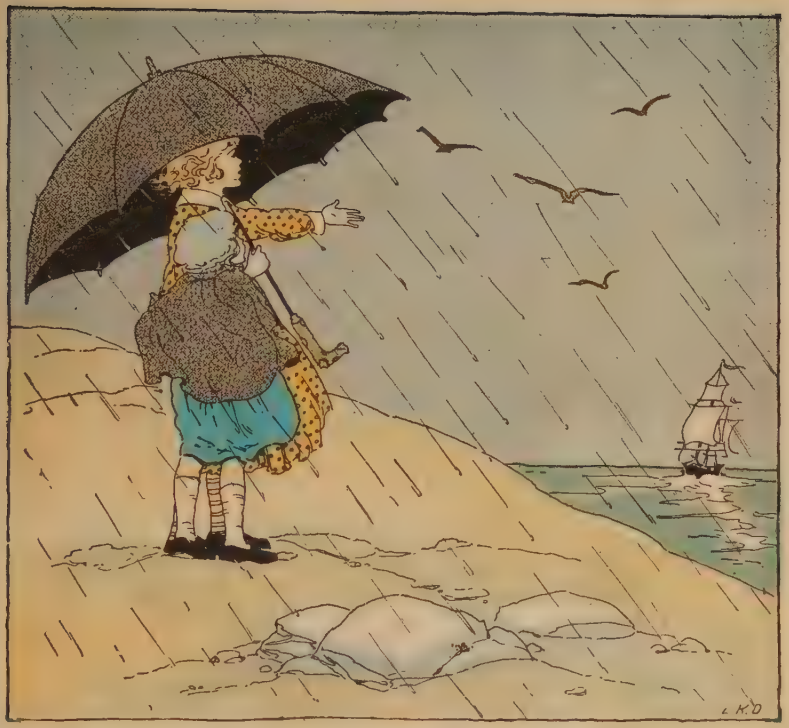
"Here I come," shouted Big Raindrop.

Down went the raindrops faster and faster.

Soon there was plenty of rain.

The corn began to grow, and the farmer was happy.

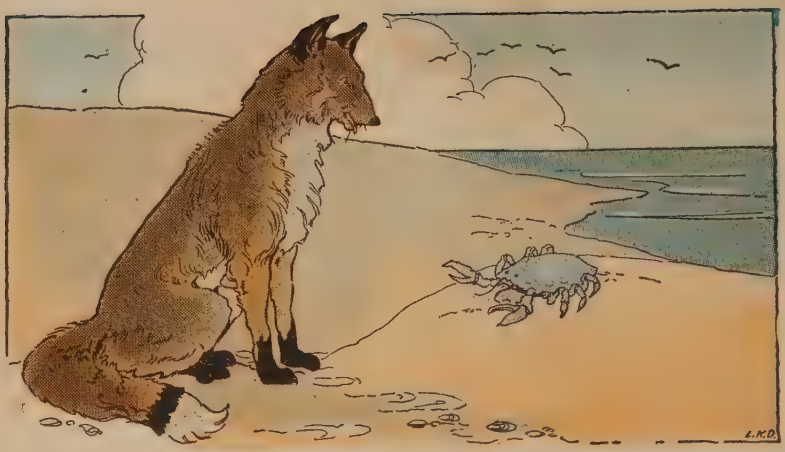
—Old Tale.



RAIN

The rain is raining all around.
It falls on field and tree;
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



HOW THE CRAB FOOLED THE FOX

One summer day a crab lay on the warm sand.

"How happy I am," he said. "I have everything I want."

Just then he saw a fox coming along.

"How do you do, Mr. Fox," the crab said. "What a fine warm day this is!"

The fox sat down by the crab and began to make fun of him.

"How many legs you have!" said the fox.

"Why do you have so many?

I have only four legs, but I can run faster than you can. Will you run a race?"

"I never ran a race, Mr. Fox, but I think I could," said the crab.

"Then run with me," said the fox.

"You have more legs than I. You should win the race."

How the fox laughed!

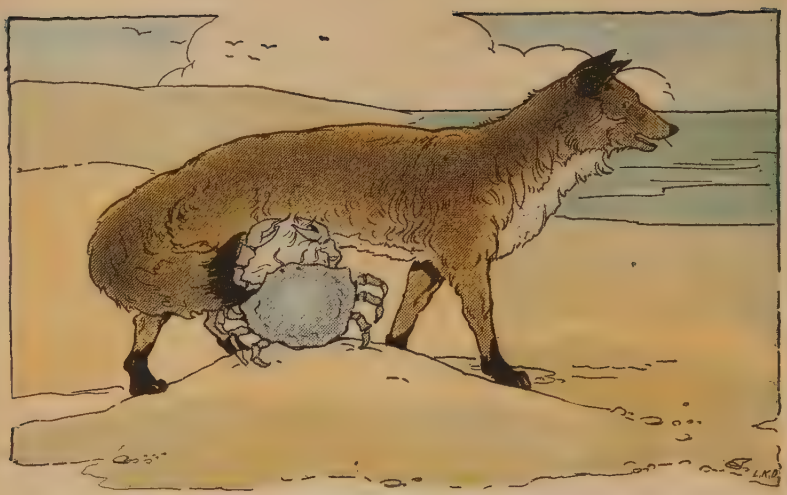
The crab said, "I have more legs than you, but you have a tail, instead.

It stands up in the air, and the wind blows it. The wind will blow you along.

Your tail will help you win. You must tie it down."

"Well, tie my tail down," said the fox.

"I do not need it when I race with you."



The crab said, "I will tie your tail to your coat."

"That is a good plan," said the fox.

"When you are ready, we will go.

Let us run to the gate of Farmer Brown's meadow."

The crab tied the fox's tail to his coat.

Then the crab held on to the tail.

Off ran the fox as fast as he could go.

Soon the fox was very near the gate.

"Foolish little crab," he said. "He can not win a race with me."

The fox turned around to look for the crab.

The crab was holding on to the fox's tail!

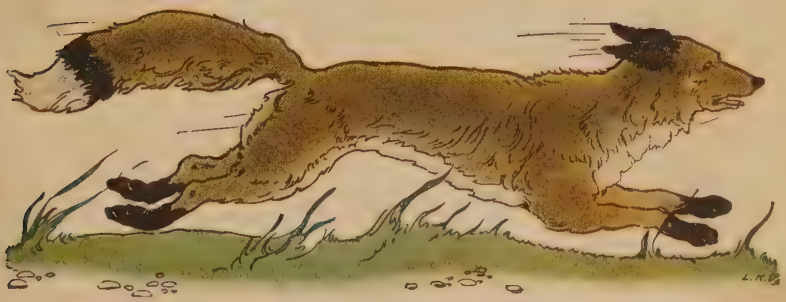
When the crab saw the fox looking at him, he gave a jump to the gate.

He was there first!

Then he laughed at the fox.

The fox ran home.

—A Chinese Tale.



SILENT READING STORY

(For plan of using this lesson, see page 170.)

THE LITTLE GRAY LAMB*

There was once a little gray lamb who was not happy.

His friends in the meadow said to him, "Come and play with us."

But the lamb would not go.

Instead of playing, he stayed near his mother and cried.

What did the little lamb do?

* From *Worth While Stories for Every Day.* Used by permission of the author and the publisher, Milton Bradley Company.

"Why do you cry?" asked the old mother sheep.

"Oh, Mother," said the lamb, "I am not happy.

The other lambs have white wool, but my wool is gray. I want white wool, too."

An old father sheep saw that the little lamb was crying.

"Look at my wool," said the father sheep. "It is gray.

I like gray wool. You should like it, too."

But the little lamb still cried very hard.

He would not play with the other lambs.

Why did the lamb cry?
What did the father sheep tell him?

After a while the little gray lamb went away to a corner of the meadow.

There he saw some vines on the fence.

The vines had pretty white flowers.

"Please give me some of your flowers," said the lamb.

"I will make a white coat of the flowers.

All the other lambs have white coats."

The vines shook their heads, and said, "How foolish you are, little lamb!

You should not want a white coat.

Your gray coat is just as pretty as the white coats of the other lambs."

The lamb did not get any flowers.

What did the lamb want the vines to do?

What did the vines tell him?

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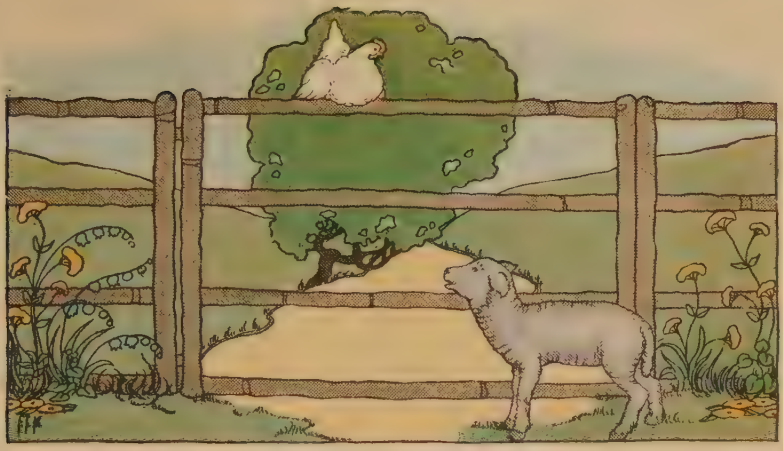


The little gray lamb went on.

He found a white hen on the gate.

"Please, Mrs. Hen," said the lamb, "give me some white feathers. You have plenty.

I want to make a white coat.

All the other lambs have white coats.

I am very sad, because my coat is gray."

What did the lamb ask the hen to do?

"How foolish you are, little lamb!" said the hen.

"I have seen many brown chickens.

I have seen yellow chickens, too.

The colored chickens are just as pretty as the white ones.

Gray lambs are just as pretty as white ones, too.

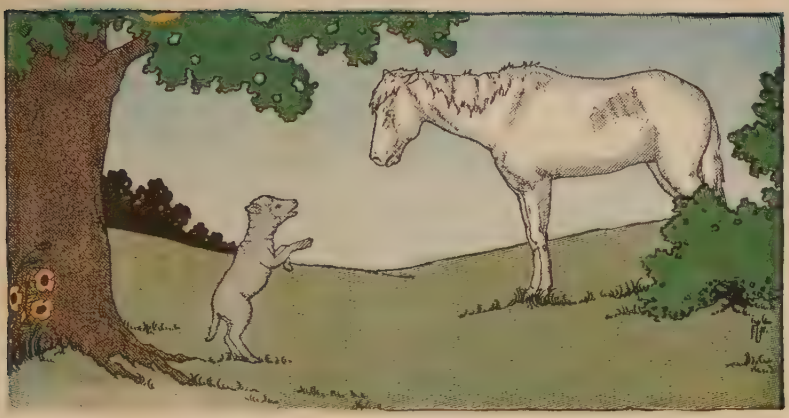
How foolish you would look covered with feathers!"

The old hen laughed and laughed.

She laughed so hard that she fell off the gate.

The little lamb cried again very hard.

What did the white hen say about the colored chickens?
Why did the old hen laugh?



Then the lamb ran to the old white horse.

"Please, Mr. Horse," he said, "give me some of your white hairs.

I want enough to make a white coat."

The horse said, "Who ever heard of a lamb with horse hairs on it?

Go away, little lamb.

Your gray coat is beautiful."

What did the horse say about the lamb's coat?

The little lamb went to the other lambs.

A white lamb said to him, "You are the only gray lamb in the meadow.

We will follow you because we can tell you from the others.

Come, let us run to the fence."

Off they went. All the white lambs followed the gray lamb.

After that the gray lamb played with the other lambs.

He was as happy as could be.

—Lawton B. Evans.

Why was the little lamb so happy?

THE BOY'S CASTLE*

I

Boy: Mother, I want to live in a castle.
May I go and find one?

Mother: You may try to find one, my boy.
But do not go too far; and come home before dark.

Boy: Good-bye, Mother. I will do as you say.

II

Boy: I have walked a long way, and I have not found a castle.
Oh, there is an old man with a dog. Maybe he can tell me where there is a castle.

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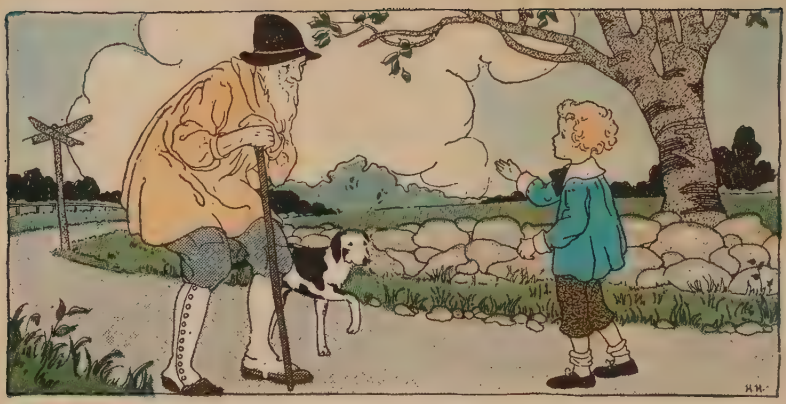


Old Man: What are you looking for, little boy?

Boy: Please, sir, I am looking for a castle.
Can you tell me which way to go?

Old Man: Turn to the right.
You will know the castle when you see it.
It has a golden roof.

Boy: Thank you. I shall find it now.

III

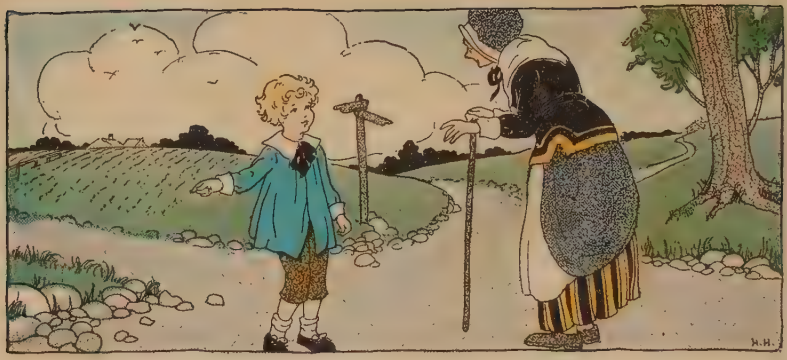
Boy: What a long way I have come!
Here is a girl with some geese.
Maybe she can tell me about
the castle.

Girl: What are you looking for, little
boy?

Boy: I am looking for a castle with
a golden roof.
Can you tell me how to find it?

Girl: Turn to the right.
You will know the castle when
you see it.
It has a golden roof.
It has a pretty garden, too.

Boy: Thank you. I know I shall soon
find the castle.
Good-bye, little girl.



IV

Boy: This is a long road.
I can not see the castle yet.
Oh, here is an old woman. I will ask her about it.

Old Woman: What are you looking for, little boy?

Boy: I am looking for a castle with a golden roof.
The castle has a beautiful garden, too.
Can you tell me how to find it?

Old Woman: Turn to the right.

The King and Queen will be waiting for you at the door of the castle.

Boy: How shall I know the King and Queen?

Old Woman: You will know them because they look so good and kind.

Boy: Thank you.

I shall find the castle very soon.

It has a golden roof and a beautiful garden.

The King and Queen will be waiting for me at the door of the castle.

I shall know them because they look so good and kind.

V

Boy: I have come a long way on this road.

I am tired and hungry.

Oh, there is the castle with the golden roof and the pretty garden.

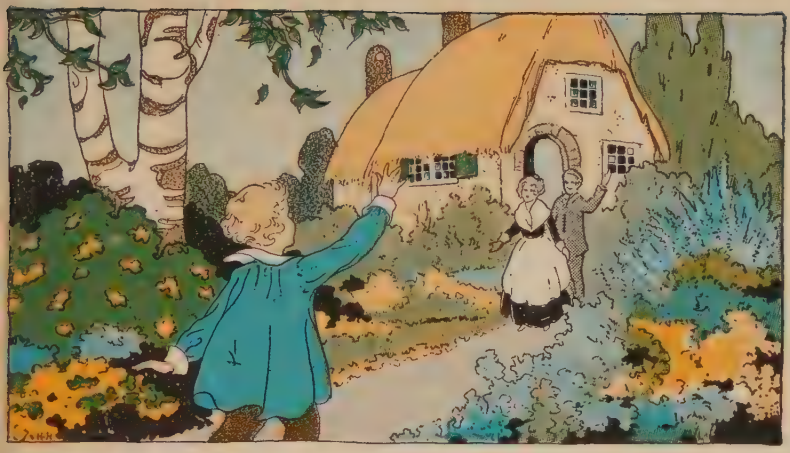
And there are the King and Queen waiting for me at the door.

Why, the King and Queen are my father and mother, and this is our house!

Mother: This is your castle, dear child.

The sunshine makes the roof look golden.

And this is your beautiful garden.



Boy: And you are the King and Queen because you are so good and kind.

Father: You have found your castle, my boy.

Come in and eat your supper.

Boy: How far I walked to find my castle!

And here it was all the time.

—Carolyn S. Bailey—Adapted.

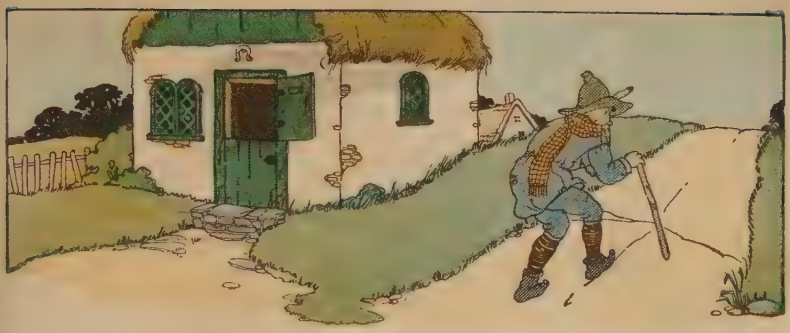
A MOTHER'S SONG

The big round sun has gone to sleep
Far down behind the hill;
Now through the trees the shadows creep,
And all the birds are still.

The pretty blue-bell shuts her eye;
The wind does softly blow.
The crickets chirp, "Good-night, good-night;
We all to rest must go."

The day has gone, and baby dear
Will close her eyes, and then
Will sleep and dream with Mother near
Till daylight comes again.

—*Eleanor S. Fielden*



THE OLD MAN AND HIS GOLD

Once there was a queer little old man.

He lived all alone in a queer little house.

The little old man worked hard every day.

Each night he put the money he got for his work into a bag.

At last he had many bags of gold.

But he stayed alone in the queer little house.

He did not have any friends.

One day a man said to him, "Why do you stay alone all the time?

You have much gold, but you are not happy.

You do not need more gold. You need friends.

Why don't you make friends with people and be happy?"

The old man said, "Gold is my friend.

When I am rich, I shall be happy."

Years went by, but the queer little old man was not happy.

One day a little boy and girl came to live near him.

They saw the old man in his queer little house in its queer little yard.

"Why are you always alone?" asked the boy. "Where are your friends?"

"I have no friend but gold," answered the old man.

"I do not need any other friend.

When I am rich enough, I shall be happy."

The boy and girl looked at each other.

"Come," said the boy to the old man. "I know where there is some gold for you.

It is more beautiful than your gold."

The little boy took the old man to a pretty meadow.

The meadow had many golden flowers in it.

The boy picked some of the flowers and gave them to the old man.

"See!" said the boy. "Here is gold that makes us happy.

I think it is the most beautiful gold in the world."

"It is beautiful, indeed," said the old man.

"It is much more beautiful than the gold in my bags."

The man and the boy picked many of the golden flowers.

Then they started for home, with their arms full of flowers.

Soon they came to the queer little house.

There stood the little girl at the door.

She had swept the floor and opened all the windows.

The bright sunshine filled the house.

"See," said the girl to the little old man. "Here is some more gold for you.

Your house is full of golden sunshine."

"This gold is beautiful, indeed," said the old man.

"It makes me very happy."

The man put his hand on the little girl's golden hair.

"Here is the most beautiful gold of all," he said.

"Today I have found enough gold.

I have never been so happy before."

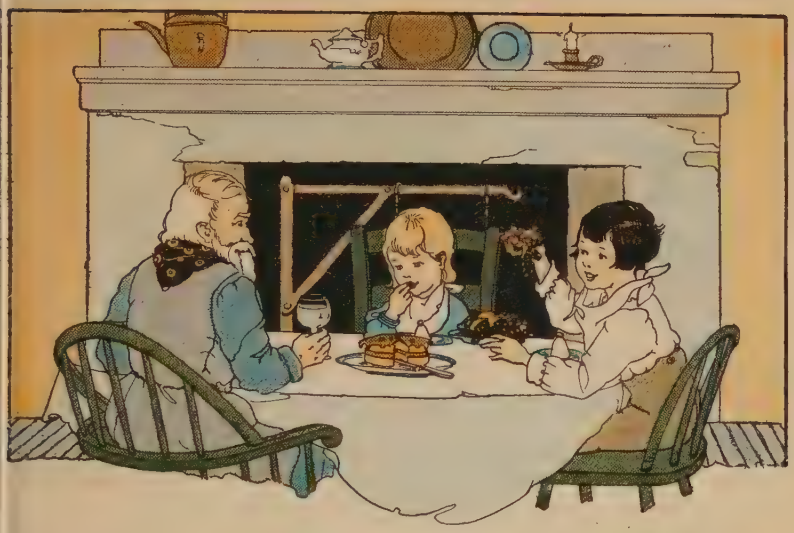
The old man got a bag of his gold.

"My little friends," he said, "please go to poor mothers and fathers and give them this money.

Tell them to buy food for their hungry children.

Then come back to me. We will have a happy time together."

The children did as he told them.



When they came back to the queer little house, the old man and the boy and the girl had a good dinner.

Every year after that the old man gave a bag of gold to poor people.

Every year he had more friends and grew more and more happy.

—Phila Butler Bowman.

SELLING SNOWBALL

One day Molly was playing with her three kittens.

Mother said, "I think that we have too many cats.

Three kittens and a mother cat are too many to keep in the house all winter."

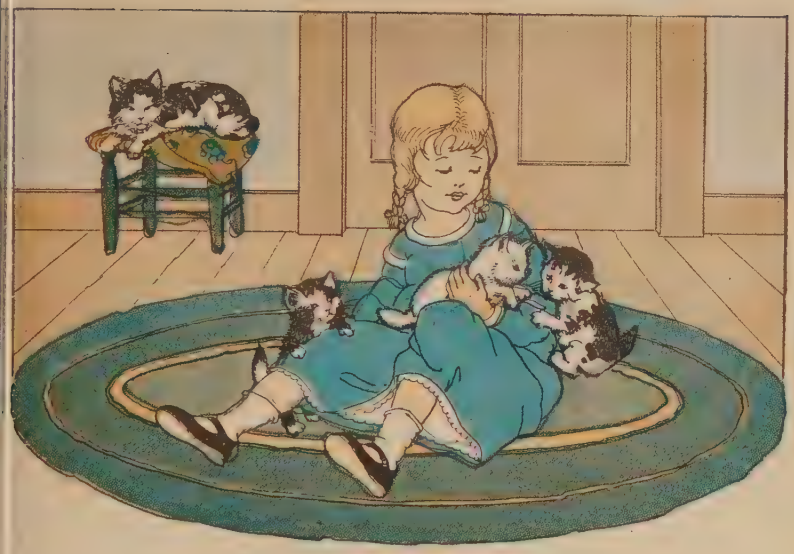
Father said, "Yes, indeed. We shall have to give away one or two of the kittens.

We must keep the mother cat to catch mice."

Two of the kittens were black and white and looked very much alike.

They were called Spot and Dot.

Molly did not want to give one of them away.



Then there was Snowball, who was as white as snow.

Mother said, "We might give Snowball away and keep Spot and Dot."

"Oh, oh," said Molly. "Snowball is so pretty and cunning.

We can not give him away.

I want to keep all three kittens.

I do not know which one I love best."

The next day Mr. Brown came to Molly's house.

He lived across the river and sold apples.

He saw the kittens by the fire.

They were having a good sleep.

"What pretty kittens!" said Mr. Brown to Molly's mother.

"We have no kittens at our house.

May I have one of yours?"

Mother said, "They are Molly's kittens. She may give you one."

Molly did not say anything.

She did not want to give a kitten away.

"Do you like apples, Molly?" said Mr. Brown.

"I will give you a basket of apples for one kitten.

Then you will have two kittens left."

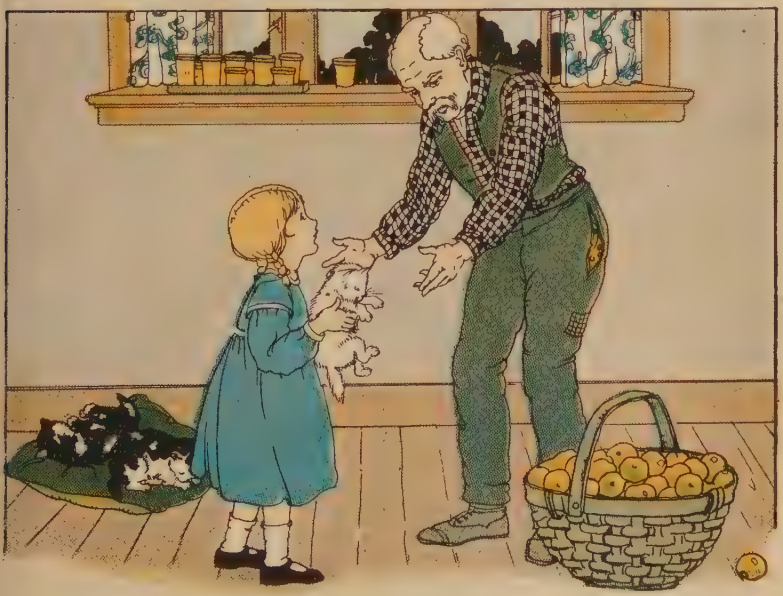
Molly looked at the big, ripe apples. She liked apples very much.

"I will give you Snowball," she said.

Mr. Brown gave her the basket of apples.

Molly waked Snowball up and told him he must go with Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown took Snowball and went away.



When Mr. Brown had been gone a little while, Molly began to cry.

"I do not want the apples," she said.

"I want Snowball back again."

Mother said, "Maybe he will come back to you.

Sometimes cats come home from places that are far away."

"But poor Snowball can not come home," said Molly.

"He is on the other side of the river, and there is no bridge."

Mother said, "We will wait and see."

Molly played with the other kittens, but she was not happy.

"I love Spot and Dot," she said, "but I love Snowball just as much.

I want him to come home again."

Early the next morning Mother opened the door.

In walked Snowball!

There was mud on his pretty white coat.

"Molly, Molly!" called Mother. "Are you awake? Here is Snowball."

In a minute Molly came.

Soon Snowball was in her arms.

"You dear kitten!" cried Molly. "How did you get here?"

Mother said, "I think he came on a boat."

"Oh, Mother, may I please keep him?" cried Molly.

"Mr. Brown may have his apples back."

"I will pay Mr. Brown for the apples," said Father.

But when Mr. Brown came again, he would not take the apples or the money.

He said, "Snowball loves his home.

That is why he came back."

Molly and the kittens played together all winter.

—The Youth's Companion.

THE BOY WHO NEEDED NO HELP*

Once upon a time there was a little boy who was not very good.

He was not good to his mother.

He was not good to his sisters.

He would not do anything for them.

One day his mother said to the little boy, "Please come and help me.

We must all work in the garden today."

The little boy said, "I do not want to help you. Please leave me alone."

His mother said, "You should help me. I like to help you."

But the boy cried, "I will not help you!

I do not need your help.

I do not want anyone to help me."

* From *Stories of Wakeland and Dreamland.* Used by permission of the author and the publisher, Milton Bradley Company.

The wind heard what the little boy said to his mother.

Away it went and told what it had heard.

The wind told it to the trees and to the brook and to the people in the town.

One day the little boy left his home, and started off all alone.

He walked and walked a long way.

The day was warm, and after a while the boy grew very tired.

He lay down to rest on the grass under a big tree.

"It is cool here in the shade," he said.

But the tree said, "Go away. You do not need my help to make you cool."

The grass said, "Get up! Get up! You do not need my help to rest."

L. K. D.

The boy got up from the grass before he had rested.

He was very tired, but he started on his way again.

Soon he wanted a drink of water.

"I will get a nice, cool drink at the brook," he said.

So he went down to the brook and tried to get a drink.

But the brook said to him, "No, no! little boy.

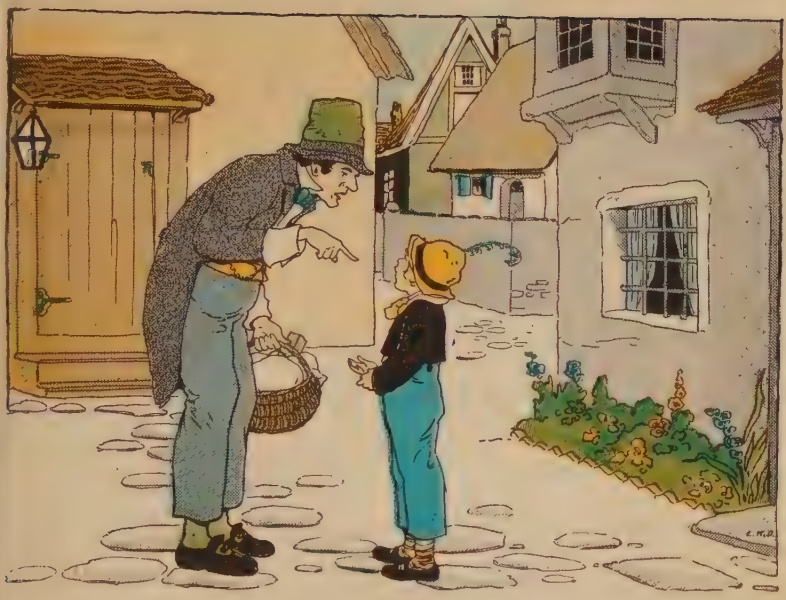
You do not need my help.

Do not try to get me to help you.

You said that you did not need help from anyone."

The brook ran along on its way and would not give the little boy a drink.

He started on his way again.



The boy walked on and on.

In the evening he came to a town.

He met a man, and asked him for something to eat.

"Oh, no," said the man. "You are the boy who does not need any help.

I will not give you anything to eat."

The tired little boy started off again.

Soon the boy came to a pretty house.

He saw a woman on the porch, and he asked her if he might sleep in her house.

But the woman would not let the boy come in.

She said, "You do not need my help.

You do not need help from anyone.

I will not give you a bed."

The boy was so tired that he lay down on the hard ground to sleep.

When he waked in the morning he was cold and hungry.

"I want my breakfast," said the boy.

"I need my mother.

I need help. I want people to help me.

At home they all helped me very often.

I will go home and help my mother and sisters."

When the wind heard what the boy said, it went away very fast.

It went to the brook and to the trees and to the grass.

It told them that the boy wanted help.

Then the wind went to tell all the people that the boy wanted help.

Soon the little boy started home.

On the way he met a man who gave him some breakfast.

When he came to the brook, it said, "Good morning, little boy.

You may have a nice, cool drink."

The tree gave him shade, and the grass gave him a place to rest.

The happy boy thanked them all.

Then he ran home to his mother just as fast as he could go.

When the boy got home, his mother was standing on the porch, looking for him.

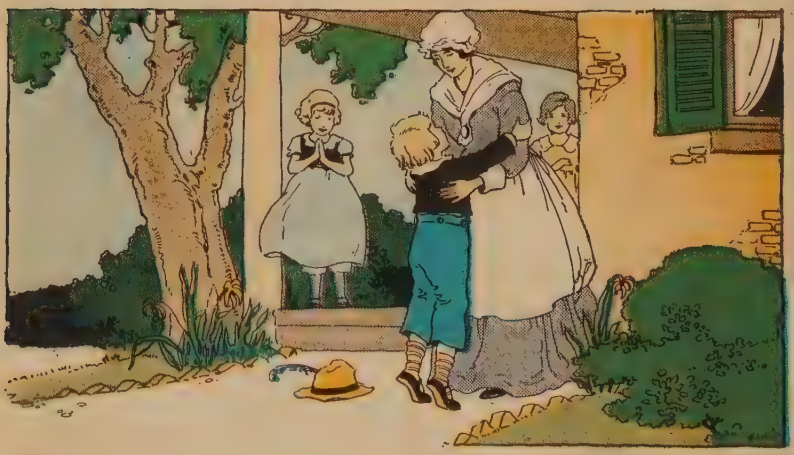
He ran to his mother and said, "Mother, I do need help.

Most of all I need your help.

I will be a good boy and help you and my sisters.

Shall we work in the garden today?"

—Anne Elizabeth Allen.



NIGHT AND DAY

When I run about all day,
When at evening time I pray,
God sees.

When I'm dreaming in the dark,
When I lie awake and hark,
God sees.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

RUNAWAY BROOK

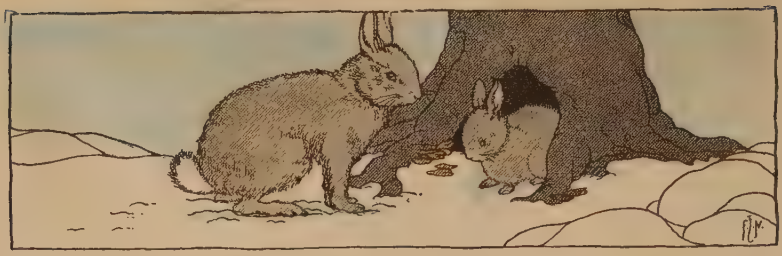
"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after;
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

—*Eliza Lee Follen.*



HOW LITTLE RABBIT WENT SOUTH

"Wake up, Little Rabbit," called Mother Rabbit.

"You must help me find some breakfast."

"Oh, no," said Little Rabbit. "I am too cold. I want to stay in this warm hole."

"The cold will not hurt you," said Mother Rabbit.

Little Rabbit went with his mother.

What was Mother Rabbit going to do?
What did Little Rabbit want to do?

Mother Rabbit hopped away very fast.

Little Rabbit hopped along behind her, but he did not hop fast.

After a while he stopped to rest.

He saw some birds flying above him.

"Good-bye, Little Rabbit," they sang.

Little Rabbit called back to them, "Where are you going?"

"We are going South," said the birds.

"Winter is here. Don't you see the snow? In the South it is warm."

Then the birds flew far away.

Why were the birds going away?

Little Rabbit ran home to Father Rabbit.

"I want to go South, where it is warm," he said.

Father Rabbit said, "You must stay at home with us.

If you go away, a fox may get you."

"What is a fox?" asked Little Rabbit.

"A fox looks like a dog," answered Father Rabbit.

"He lives in the woods, and he often eats rabbits."

Little Rabbit said, "I am not afraid.

If the fox comes along, I will hide."

Then Little Rabbit ran out of the hole.

What did Little Rabbit want to do?
What did Father Rabbit tell him?
What did Little Rabbit do?

Little Rabbit started off on his way to the South.

He ran a long way.

After a while he saw Red Fox coming.

How frightened Little Rabbit was!

Red Fox stood still and looked around.

Little Rabbit hid behind a tree.

Red Fox did not see him and went on.

Why did not Red Fox see Little Rabbit?

Little Rabbit went on, too, but he went very slowly.

He did not want Red Fox to see him.

After a while Red Fox grew tired.

So he lay down and went to sleep.

Little Rabbit came along and ran by Red Fox.

Poor Little Rabbit ran and ran!

By and by he met his friend Jack Rabbit.

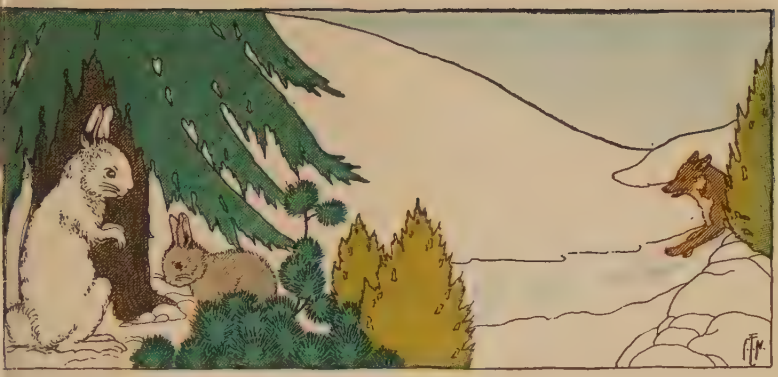
"Where are you going so fast?" asked Jack Rabbit.

"I am going South, where it is warm," answered Little Rabbit.

"I am cold here.

I have run away from home."

What did Red Fox do?
Who met Little Rabbit?



Just then Jack Rabbit heard something.

"Hop behind this tree, Little Rabbit, and keep very still," he said.

"Red Fox is coming."

Over the snow came Red Fox. He was running very fast.

He did not see Jack Rabbit or Little Rabbit.

What did Jack Rabbit tell Little Rabbit to do?

Who came running over the snow?

Jack Rabbit said, "See my coat, Little Rabbit. It is the color of the snow.

Red Fox can not see me when I sit still in the snow.

But he can see you."

Little Rabbit cried out, "I am afraid of Red Fox! I want to go to my mother."

Jack Rabbit said, "I can help you.

I will run over the snow.

Red Fox will see me, and will run after me.

When he comes near me, I will sit still in the snow. Then you must run home."

When could Red Fox not see Jack Rabbit?
What did Jack Rabbit tell Little Rabbit he must do?

Jack Rabbit ran over the hill.

Red Fox ran after him, but Jack Rabbit sat still in the snow. Red Fox could not find him.

Away hopped Little Rabbit to his home.

Little Rabbit told Father and Mother Rabbit all about Red Fox and Jack Rabbit.

"I will never try to go South again," he said.

—*Anne Schütze.*

How did Jack Rabbit help Little Rabbit?

DRAKESTAIL

Drakestail was small, but he was wise and took care of his money.

One day the King went to see Drakestail.

"I hear that you have some money," said the King.

"Will you let me take it?

I will pay you back very soon."

Drakestail let the King take most of his money.

Then the King went back to his castle.

A year went by, and two years went by.

But the King did not pay the money back.

At last Drakestail said, "I can not wait any longer.

I will go to see the King."

Early the next morning Drakestail started off.

He went down the road, singing,

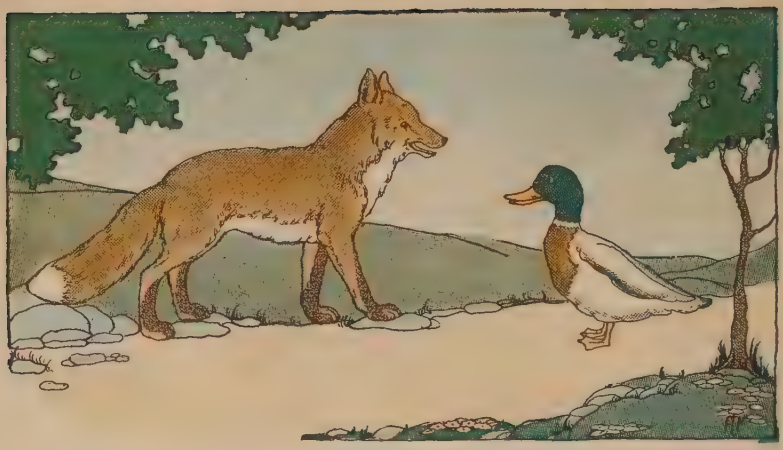
"Quack, quack, quack!
When will I get my money back?"

Drakestail had not gone far when he met a fox.

"Good morning, Drakestail," said the fox. "Where are you going so early?"

"I am going to the King," answered Drakestail.

"Oh, take me with you," cried the fox.



Drakestail said to the fox, "One can not have too many friends.

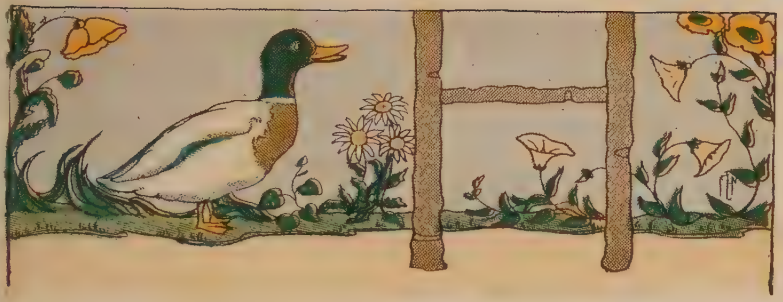
You may go with me.

Make yourself very small and jump into my mouth."

So the fox made himself very small and jumped into Drakestail's mouth.

Then Drakestail went on down the road, singing:

"Quack, quack, quack!
When will I get my money back?"



Soon Drakestail saw his friend the ladder.

"Good morning, Drakestail," said the ladder. "Where are you going so early?"

"I am going to the King to get my money," answered Drakestail.

"Oh, take me with you," said the ladder.

Drakestail said, "One can not have too many friends.

Make yourself very small and jump into my mouth."

So the ladder made herself very small and jumped into Drakestail's mouth.

Drakestail started off again down the road, singing, "Quack, quack, quack!"

After a while he met his friend the river.

"Where are you going, Drakestail?" asked the river.

"I am going to the King to get my money," answered Drakestail.

"Please take me with you," cried the river.

Drakestail said, "One can not have too many friends.

You may go with me.

Make yourself very small and get into my mouth."

The river made herself very small.

Soon she was beside the fox and the ladder.

Drakestail went along the road, singing.

After a while he came to a wasps' nest.

Many wasps were flying around.

"Where are you going, Drakestail?" they asked.

"I am going to the King," he answered.

"Please take us with you," cried all the wasps.

Drakestail said to the wasps, "Make yourselves very, very small and fly into my mouth."

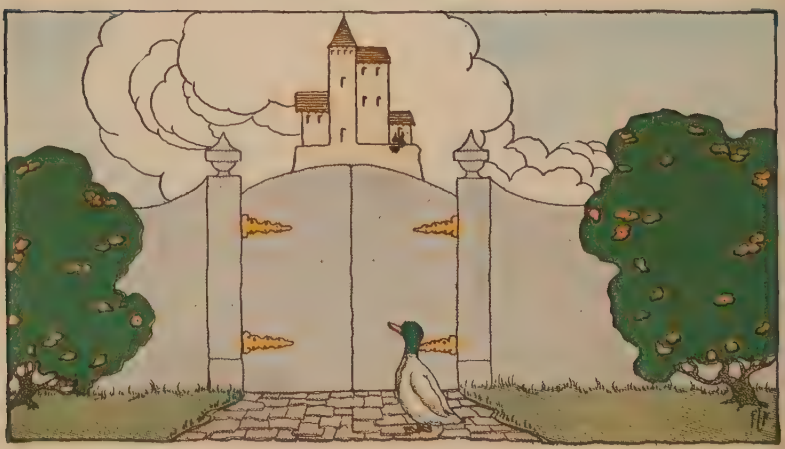
The wasps made themselves very, very small and flew into Drakestail's mouth.

Then he started off again.

After a long time Drakestail came to the King's castle.

He stopped at the gate and sang:

"Quack, quack, quack!
I want my money back!"



When the King's servant heard Drakestail, he came out of the castle.

"Who is at the gate?" he called.

Drakestail answered, "It is Drakestail. I want to talk to the King."

The servant said, "The King can not talk to you now.

He is eating his dinner."

"Please tell him that I am here," said Drakestail.

The servant went at once to the King.

"Drakestail is at the gate and wants to talk to you," said the servant.

"Do you know who he is?"

The King laughed and said, "Yes, I know who Drakestail is.

Open the gate and let him come in.

Then put him with the chickens."

The King's servant went to Drakestail, and said: "Come this way to see the King."

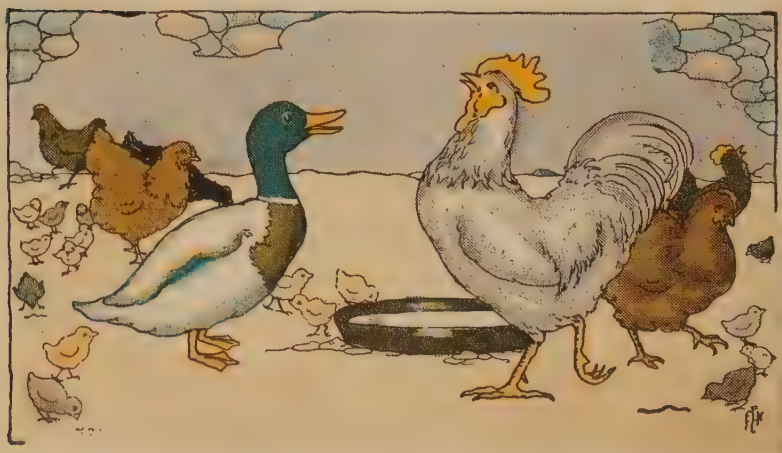
But he did not take Drakestail to the King.

The servant put him in the chicken yard, instead.

"Why am I left with the chickens?" said Drakestail.

"I do not like this.

Quack! Quack! Quack!
When will I get my money back?"



The chickens did not like the noise that Drakestail made.

One of them flew at poor Drakestail.

Then another one bit him.

All at once Drakestail thought of the fox.

"Dear fox, please come and help me," he cried.

The fox heard Drakestail and jumped out of his mouth.

The chickens were so frightened that they flew high up in the henhouse.

When the King heard the noise, he called his servant.

"What is that noise?" asked the King.

The servant answered, "Drakestail has frightened the chickens."

Then the King was very angry.

"Put Drakestail into the well," he cried.

So the servant took Drakestail in his arms, and threw him into the well.

"Oh, how can I ever get out of this well?" said poor Drakestail.

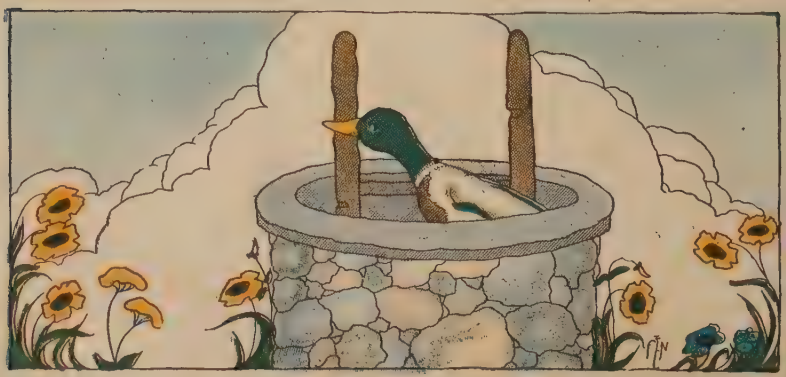
"I will help you," called the ladder.

She jumped out of his mouth very fast.

The ladder stood up until she reached the top of the well.

Drakestail went up the ladder, singing:

"Quack, quack, quack!
When will I get my money back?"



When the King heard Drakestail singing again, he was very, very angry.

"Put him into the fire," he cried.

But when Drakestail was put into the fire, the river came to help him.

It ran into the fire and put it out.

Then the bad King said to his servant, "Bring Drakestail to me."

The servant took Drakestail to the King.

Poor Drakestail was very much afraid.

All at once he thought of the wasps.

"Come fast, dear wasps," he called. "I need your help."

Out flew the wasps.

"Buzz, buzz," they said.

Away ran the bad King and his servant.

They ran a long, long way.

They ran so far they never came back.

Drakestail was very tired.

"I will rest a little while on the King's throne," he said.

"Then I will go home."

Drakestail was so tired that he went to sleep on the throne.

There the people found him.

After a while Drakestail waked up.

The people put the King's crown on Drakestail's head.

"You shall be our King," they said.

Then King Drakestail sang:

"Quack, quack, quack,
Now I have my money back."

—A French Fairy Tale.

THE STAR MONEY

There was once a little girl who was very, very poor.

She had no father or mother.

She had no home and no warm bed to sleep in.

She had very little to eat, and so she was often hungry.

But she had an old coat and a warm cap that a kind woman had given her.

One cold day the little girl was walking along a road.

She had on her coat and her cap, and she had a piece of bread in her hand.

"I am happy today," said the little girl, "because I am warm and have something to eat."

Just as the little girl was about to eat her bread, she met an old man.

"Little girl," he said, "I am very hungry. Will you give me some of your bread?"

The little girl gave him all the bread she had, and went on her way.

Soon she met a little child.

"I am cold," said the child. "I am very, very cold."

The little girl gave her warm cap to the child, and went on her way.

After a while the little girl met another child, who was crying.

"Why are you crying?" she asked.

The child said, "I am very cold."

"Do not cry any more," said the girl.

"Here is my coat. It will keep you warm."

She gave her coat to the child, and went on again.

Soon it grew dark and very, very cold.

The little girl did not know where to go.

She looked all around her, but she saw no house.

Then she looked up into the sky.

There she saw many bright stars.

As she watched the stars, she thought some of them were falling.

The little girl looked down at the ground.

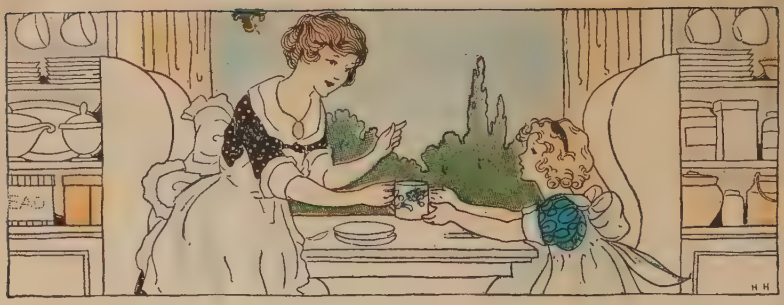
There were no stars on the ground, but she saw some pieces of shining money.

The little girl took the money.

First she bought good food, and then she bought warm coats and caps for other children who were poor.

Then she bought food and a warm cap and coat for herself.

—Grimm Brothers.



THE CUP OF MILK*

I

Mother: Run to the barn, Patty, and ask Spotty Cow to give you a cup of milk for your breakfast.

Patty: Oh, Mother, may I take the new cup that Grandmother gave me? It is such a pretty cup and has flowers on it.

Mother: Yes, Patty, you may take your new cup.

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II

Patty: Good morning, Spotty Cow.
Will you please give me some milk for my breakfast?

Spotty Cow: I can not give you any milk, Patty, if you do not give me some hay.

Patty: I will run and ask the farmer for some hay, Spotty Cow.

III

Patty: Oh, Mr. Farmer, will you please give me some hay for Spotty Cow?
Then Spotty Cow will give me some milk for my breakfast.

Farmer: I am sorry I have no hay for you, Patty. Go to the meadow and ask George for some.

IV

Patty: Good-morning, George.

Oh, I am so glad to see all this nice hay.

Will you please take some of it to the farmer?

Then he will give me hay for Spotty Cow.

And Spotty Cow will give me a nice cup of milk for my breakfast.

George: I have cut the hay, Patty, but now it must get dry for Spotty Cow.

The sun does not shine this morning to dry the hay.

Patty: Oh, Sun, please shine on the hay, so that it will get dry.

Then George can take it to the farmer.

The farmer will give me hay for Spotty Cow.

And Spotty Cow will give me a cup of milk for my breakfast.

Sun: I am sorry that I can not show my face this morning, Patty.

The dark clouds have covered it all over.

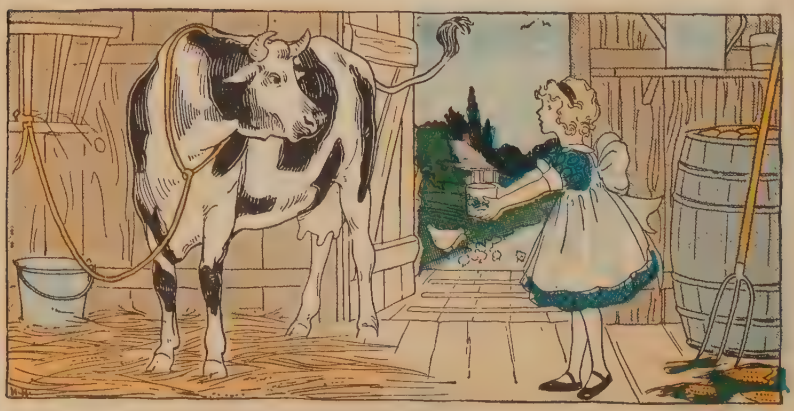
Patty: Oh, Clouds, please fly away, so that the sun may show his face.

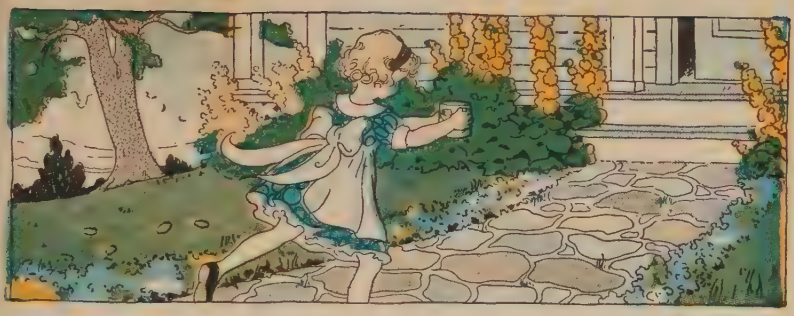
Then the sun will shine on the hay and make it dry.

The hay can be taken to the farmer.

The farmer will give me hay for Spotty Cow.

And Spotty Cow will give me some milk for my breakfast.

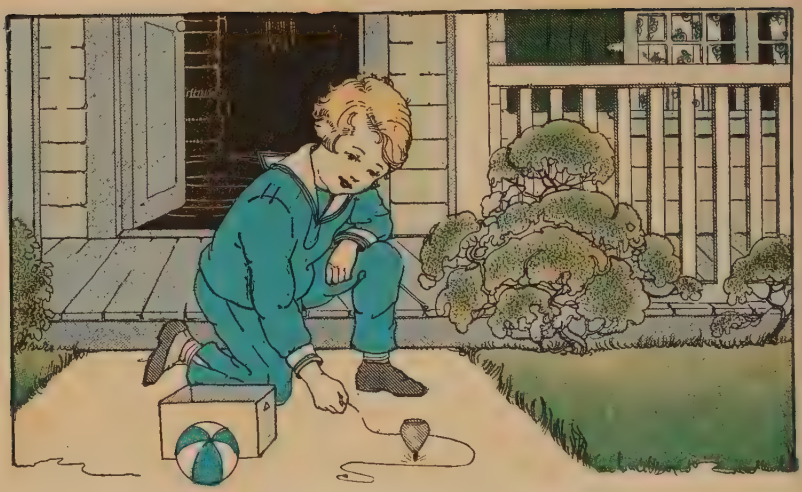




Clouds: We will fly away, little Patty.

Patty: Oh, thank you, dear Clouds.
Soon the sun will shine on the hay and make it dry.
George will take the hay to the farmer.
The farmer will give me some hay for Spotty Cow.
And Spotty Cow will give me a cup of milk for my breakfast.
Then I will go home to Mother.

—Carolyn S. Bailey—Adapted.



THE TOP AND THE BALL

A little boy had a top and a ball.

When he was tired of playing with them, he put them into a box.

There they lay for a long time.

One day the top said to the ball, "Let us be friends and play together."

But the ball would not talk to the top.

The ball was very proud, because it was covered with blue and white leather.

After a while the boy took the top and painted it blue.

Then he put it into the box again.

"Look at me," said the top to the ball. "Am I not pretty, too?

Let us be friends, dear ball.

When we are not making the little boy happy, we can play together."

But the ball said, "I do not want to play with you, and I do not want to make the boy happy.

I want to be a bird's playmate.

Every day a bird calls to me from the tree-top.

Some day when I go up in the air, I shall not come down again.

You and the boy may play together on the ground."

The next day the boy took the ball out of the box and began throwing it up.

Again and again the ball went flying high in the air.

One time the boy did not see it come down.

He looked and looked for it, but he could not find it anywhere.

The top saw the little boy looking for the ball.

"I know where it is," thought the top. "It has gone to stay with the bird."

Many days went by, and the top began to grow old.

One morning the boy took it out of the box again.

This time he painted it yellow. It looked like a gold top.

The boy played with the top until he lost it.

No one could find it, because it had rolled into a dark hole.

"Well, well," said the top. "This is a queer place.

I can not spin here in the dark. All my golden color will be spoiled."

Just then the top saw something round beside it.

The round thing began to talk in a very sad voice.

The top knew at once that it was the ball who was talking.

"I have been here for a long time," it said.

"I did not want to play with you on the ground.

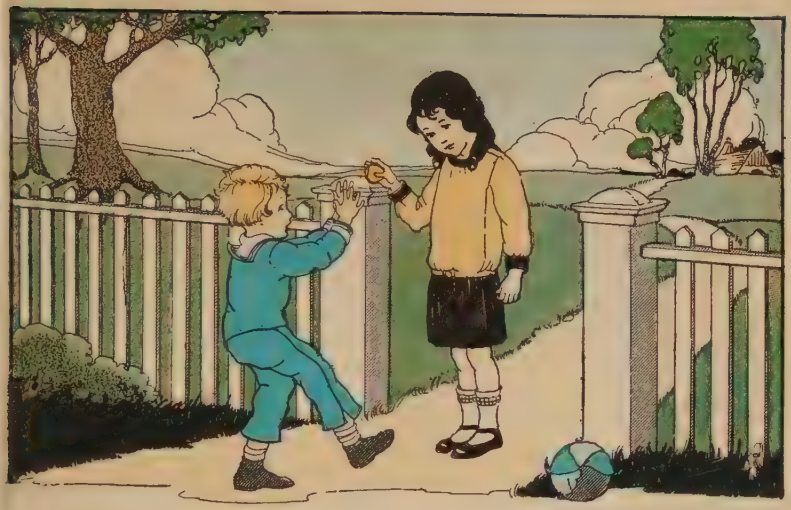
I wanted to live with a bird, but I rolled into this hole.

Now I am spoiled.

I am sorry that I did not want to make the boy happy."

The top said, "I wanted to make the little boy happy.

But now his ball and top are both lost."



The next day a girl found the top and the ball.

She gave them back to the boy.

The boy threw the ball away, because its blue and white leather was spoiled.

But the top was still yellow and pretty.

So the boy kept it to play with.

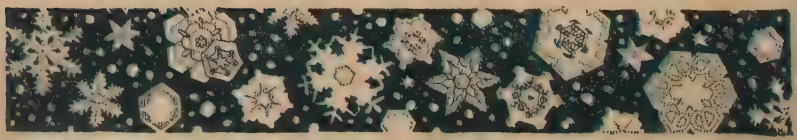
—Hans Christian Andersen—Adapted.

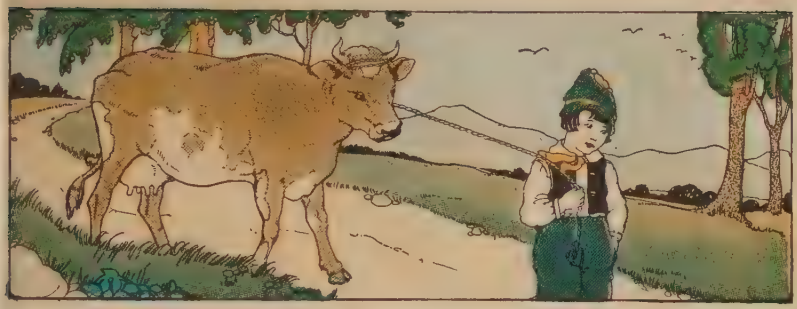
SNOW-FLAKES

Snow-flakes are falling
Out of the sky.
Children are laughing
As they fly by.

Snow on the tree-tops,
Snow on the grass,
Snow on the cheeks of
Each lad and lass.

—*Mable Fletcher.*





THE LITTLE BLACK POT

Once upon a time a boy and his mother lived all alone in a little old house.

A man had taken all their money.

The money made the man rich.

Now the boy and his mother had nothing left but a cow.

One day there was no food in the house.

"You must take our cow to town and sell her," the mother said to the boy.

Why did they have to sell the cow?

The boy took the cow and started off down the road with her.

On the way he met a man.

The man had something under his arm.

It was a little black pot with three legs.

"I will give you this pot if you will give me your cow," said the man.

What did the man have?
What did he want the boy to do?

Just as the boy was going to say "No," he heard a wee voice.

The little pot was talking!

"Please take me, little boy," said the pot. "I will make you happy."

The boy gave the cow to the man.

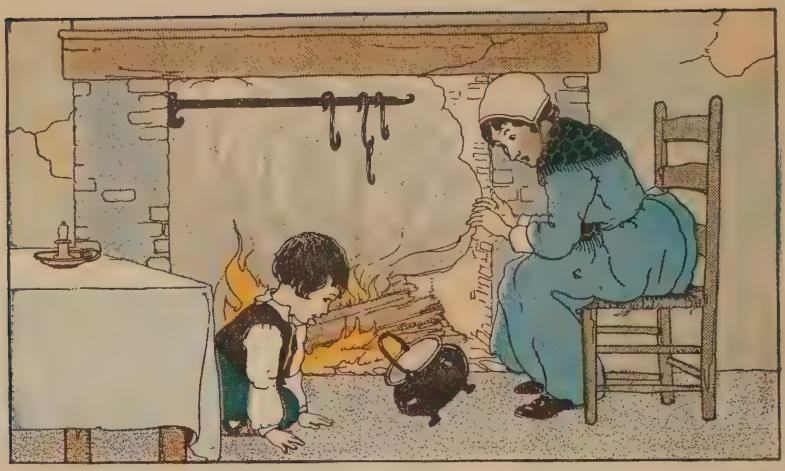
Then he took the pot home to his mother.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she cried. "Now our cow is gone, and we have only a little black pot.

How shall we get something to eat?"

Then the boy felt very sorry that he had taken the pot.

Why did the boy take the pot?
What did the boy's mother say?



"I will get you something to eat," said the little pot.

It hopped to the door.

"I hop, I hop," it said.

"Where are you going?" asked the mother.

"To the rich man's house," it answered.

And the little pot hopped out of the door and up the road.

Where did the pot go?

That day the rich man's servant wanted to make some porridge.

She saw the little black pot hop up to the door.

"You are just what I need," she said.

"I will hang you over the fire, and make some good porridge."

When the porridge was ready to eat, the pot jumped from the fire and hopped out of the door.

"Little pot, where are you going with my porridge?" called the servant.

"Home again," laughed the pot. Back it hopped very fast to its new home.

So the little boy and his mother had all the porridge they wanted for supper.

What did the pot bring home?

Next morning the pot said again, "I hop, I hop."

"Where do you hop?" asked the mother.

"To the rich man's barn," said the pot.

Away it went to the barn.

Some men were filling bags with wheat.

They put wheat into the pot, too.

What did the pot get at the barn?

Away hopped the pot very fast.

"Where are you going?" called the men, running after it.

"Home again," laughed the pot.

The men could not catch it, and the pot hopped back to its home.

The boy and his mother had all the wheat bread they wanted.

What did the mother make out of the wheat?

The next morning the pot hopped off again to the rich man's house.

When it got there, the rich man was counting his money.

"You are just what I need," he said. "I will fill you with money and put you away."

But when the little pot was full, it hopped home with the money.

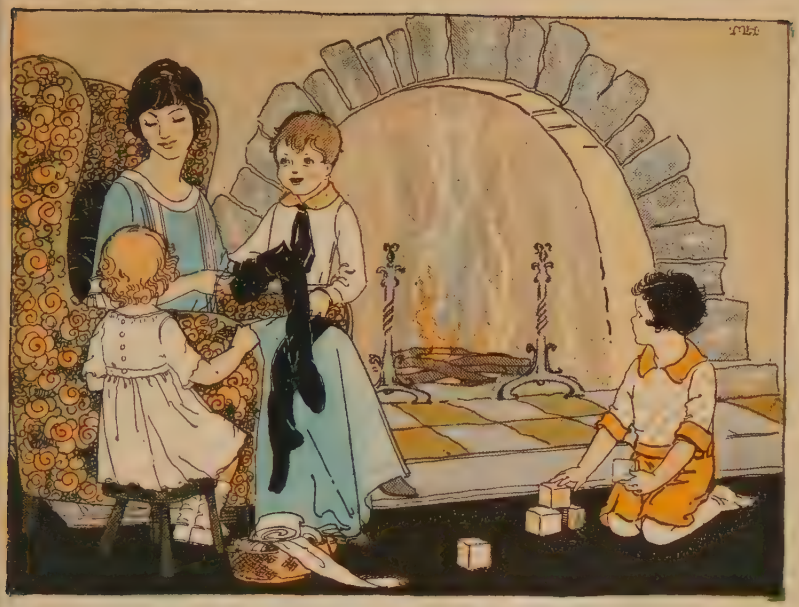
The pot gave the money to the boy and his mother.

Then the mother said, "This is the money the man took away from us."

After that the boy and his mother and the pot lived together and were happy.

—A Danish Folk Tale.

What did the pot get from the rich man?
Tell all of this story.



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

One day Jack, Kitty, and little Bobbie said, "Mother, may we have a party on Washington's Birthday?"

"Yes," said their mother, "if you will help me get ready for it."

"We will! We will!" cried the children.

Jack said, "I will write to our friends today, and ask them to come."

Kitty said, "Mother, I will help you get the house ready for the party."

Little Bobbie said, "I will put away all my playthings."

When Washington's Birthday came, it was cold and snowing hard.

"Jack," said his mother, "you may build a good fire, so that the house will be bright and warm."

Kitty swept the floor and helped make the cake.

Bobbie put all his playthings away.

Before their friends came, Jack and Kitty dressed up.

Jack dressed like George Washington, and Kitty dressed like Mrs. Washington.

When Jack and Kitty were all ready, they stood at the door.

Soon their friends came. Jack and Kitty shook hands with them.

Bobbie showed them where to put their coats and caps.

Then they all talked and laughed and played.

After a while Mother said, "Supper is ready."

When the children saw the supper, one said, "Oh, how good it looks!"

Another cried, "Look at the big birthday cake!"

Soon Mother cut the cake.

"This is George Washington's birthday cake," she said.

Little Bobbie said, "I wish that George Washington could come to his party."

"So do I! So do I!" cried all the children.

After supper was over, Mother said, "I have a surprise for you."

She went to the door and opened it.

In walked a man who looked like George Washington.

How surprised the children all were!

At first little Bobbie was frightened, but Jack said to him, "It's only Father!"

All the children cried, "Oh, oh! George Washington has come to his party."

They jumped up and down for joy.

Then George Washington said, "I am glad you thought of my birthday.

I have something for every boy and girl here."

George Washington gave each child a flag.

"Hold up your flags," he said.

All the children held their flags high in the air.

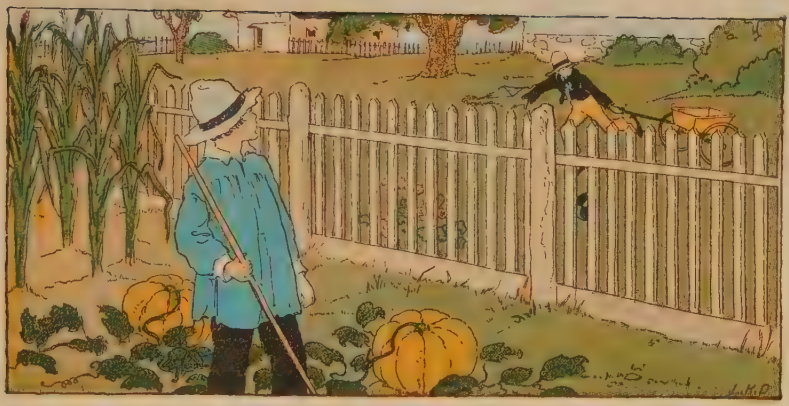
Then George Washington said, "This is your flag, and my flag, and the flag of our country. Take good care of this flag, and never let anyone hurt it."

"We will take good care of it always," said the children.

"Then our beautiful flag will be safe," said George Washington.

When the party was over, the friends of Jack and Kitty and little Bobbie all said, "Good-bye! We are glad that you asked us to come."

—*Alice Thompson Paine.*



HELPING EACH OTHER

Johnny lived in a small brown house that was next door to a big white house.

One fall Ray came to live in the big white house.

There was a fence around each yard. and each boy played in his own yard.

One side of Johnny's yard was his garden, and the little boy liked to work in it.

Johnny had some apples and grapes and some pumpkins in his garden.

Ray had many toys in his yard. He had a top, a ball, a cart, and a kite.

One day Johnny looked through the fence, into Ray's yard, and saw the toys.

He saw, too, a big tree that had nuts on it.

The ripe nuts were falling.

Ray was playing in his yard.

Then Johnny felt very sad.

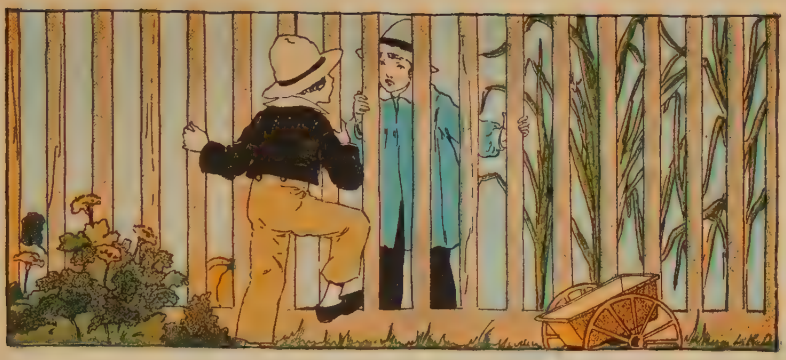
"That new boy has everything," he said.

"He has a top and a ball, a cart and a kite, and a tree full of nuts."

After a while Ray looked through the fence, and saw Johnny's garden.

How he wanted one of the big yellow pumpkins!

Then Ray saw Johnny, and Johnny saw Ray.



"Come over and look at my pumpkins," said Johnny. "See how many there are! They are all mine."

Ray said, "I have wanted a pumpkin for a long time. I never had one."

"Would you like one of mine?" asked Johnny. "Come over and I will give you one now."

Ray jumped over the fence as fast as he could.

Johnny cut a fine big pumpkin off its stem.

L.K.D.

Ray smiled when Johnny gave him the pumpkin.

"You have everything," Ray said. "You have pumpkins, and you have an apple tree and a grape vine, too."

Johnny looked much surprised.

"Do you think I have everything?" he asked. "I thought you had everything.

You have a top and a ball, a cart and a kite, and a tree full of nuts."

"Yes," said Ray. "But I am tired of them.

When I saw your pumpkins I wanted one so much that I did not think of my toys.

Would you like some of my nuts?"

"Oh, yes," said Johnny. "I should like some very much. We have no nuts in our yard."

In a little while the boys had picked up a bag full of nuts.

"You may have these, Johnny," said Ray.

Then Johnny said, "Now let us make two jack-o-lanterns in my yard.

First, I will help you make one.

After that you may help me make one."

What fun they had with their jack-o-lanterns when night came!

—*The Christian Register.*

JACK'S THANKSGIVING

Jack lived in a small town with his father and mother.

One day when Jack was playing ball, he hurt his leg.

Then he had to sit still for a long time.

Sometimes his mother went out to buy things for dinner.

While she was gone, Jack played with his toys.

One day when his mother came home, she said, "Thanksgiving will soon be here, Jack.

Father will be at home all day, and we shall have a happy time.

What would you like for Thanksgiving dinner?"

"I know," said Jack. "We will have apples and grapes and cake and nuts."

Mother answered, "We will have all those.

We will have turkey, too, and carrots and milk."

"Good! Good!" said Jack. "What a fine dinner it will be for Father!"

After dinner that evening Father talked to Jack about Thanksgiving.

Soon they heard the door bell.

When Mother went to open the door, what do you think she saw?

There was a great big yellow jack-o-lantern!

In the top of it was a letter to Jack. It said,

Dear Jack:

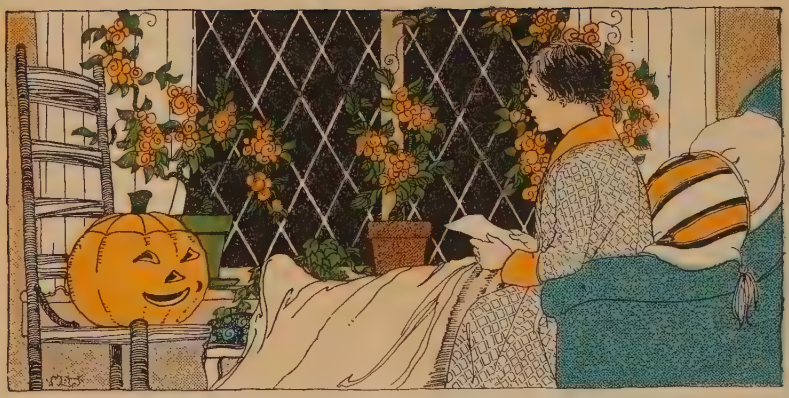
Have a good time on Thanksgiving.

From a friend.

Mother put the jack-o-lantern on a chair beside Jack.

Jack looked at the jack-o-lantern and smiled.

Then he sat and thought for a long time.



After a while Father said, "What are you thinking about, Jack?"

Jack answered, "Father, I am sure that it was Billy who gave me this fine jack-o-lantern.

I wish I could ask him to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us.

He has no father or mother."

Then Mother said, "Father, will you please go and ask Billy to come to Thanksgiving dinner?"

So Father went to ask Billy.

When he came back, he said that Billy would come.

How glad Jack was!

He went to sleep very happy that night.

On Thanksgiving Day Jack was awake early.

When he saw his mother getting the dinner ready, he said:

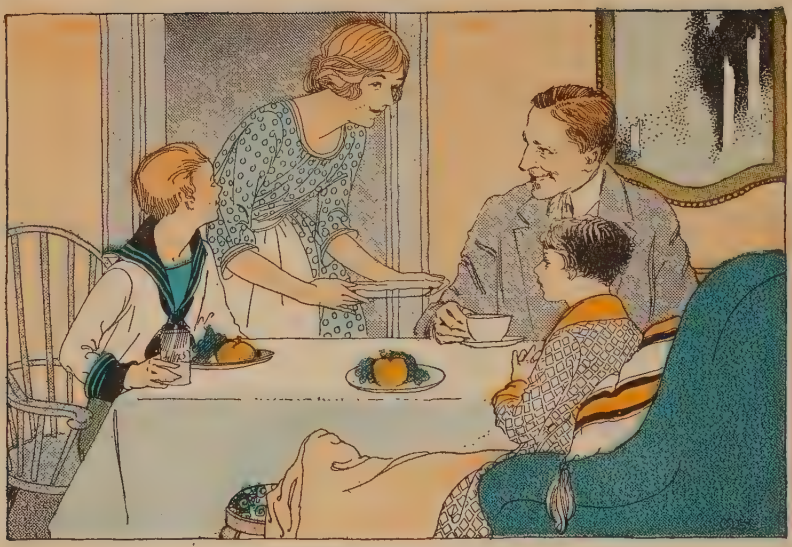
"May I do something to help you, Mother?"

His mother gave him a bowl of nuts to crack.

When Jack was cracking the last nut, he heard the door bell.

It was Billy.

Jack and Billy talked until dinner was ready.



Father and Mother and Billy and Jack sat down to dinner together.

What a good Thanksgiving turkey they had!

After they had pumpkin pie and apples and grapes, Billy said, "See what I have!"

He held up something in his hand so that Jack could see it.

"Oh," cried Jack. "You got the wish-bone, didn't you, Billy? Let's pull it now."

So Billy took hold of one end of the wish-bone, and Jack took hold of the other.

They each thought for a minute.

"I know what I am going to wish," cried Jack.

Billy smiled and said, "I know what I am going to wish, too."

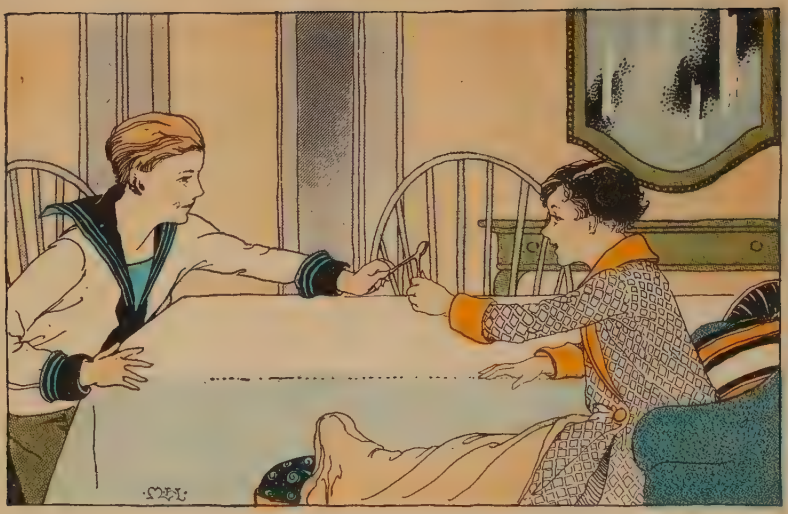
Jack said, "Then we can pull. One, two, three. Go!"

They pulled, and Jack got the longer end.

"Now you will get your wish, Jack," said Billy. "What did you wish?"

Jack answered, "I wished that my leg would get well soon."

"That was a good wish," said Mother.



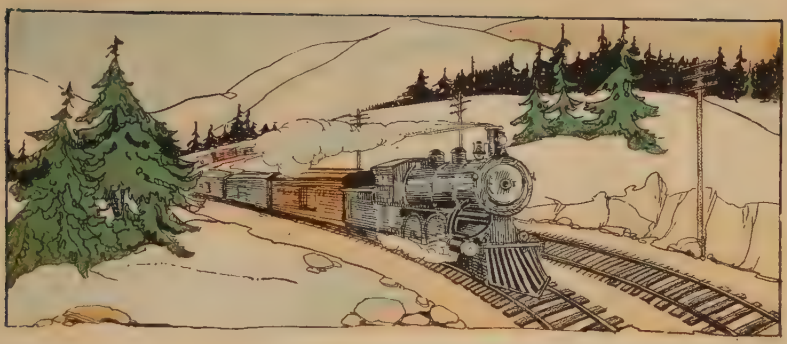
"What did you wish, Billy?" asked Jack.

Billy answered, "I wished that you would get your wish."

Then Mother said, "You will both get your wishes.

Jack's leg will soon be well."

—*Bessie Stager.*



THE LITTLE ENGINE

Once a Little Engine was running across the country.

It was pulling many cars behind it.

All the cars were filled with Christmas toys for some little children far away.

Day after day the Little Engine puffed along.

As it went, it sang and sang because it was very happy.

It was happy because it was going to make the children happy.

But one day the Little Engine stopped.

It had come to a high hill, and it could not go up the hill.

"Oh," cried the Little Engine, "if I can not go up this hill, how will the children get their toys for Christmas?"

Just then a Big, Big Engine came along.

It was pulling fine cars, but there were not many of them.

"Oh, Big, Big Engine," said the Little Engine, "will you please take my cars and me over this hill?

We have Christmas toys for the children on the other side.

Will you help us, help us, help us?"

But the Big, Big Engine said, "I pull only fine cars. I will not pull you."

And it went on its way.

Soon the Little Engine saw a Big Engine coming along.

It was going home after its day's work.

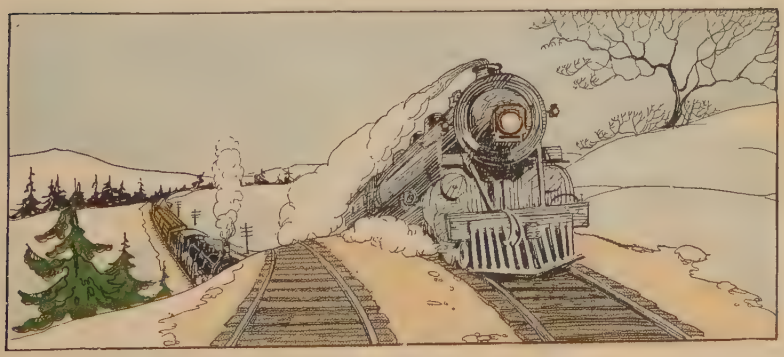
"Oh, Big Engine, will you please take my cars and me over the hill?" said the Little Engine.

"We have Christmas toys for the children on the other side.

Will you help us, help us, help us?"

But the Big Engine said, "I have done enough, done enough, done enough."

And the Big Engine went on.



After a while a Small Engine came along.

"Oh, Small Engine, will you please take my cars and me over the hill?" cried the Little Engine.

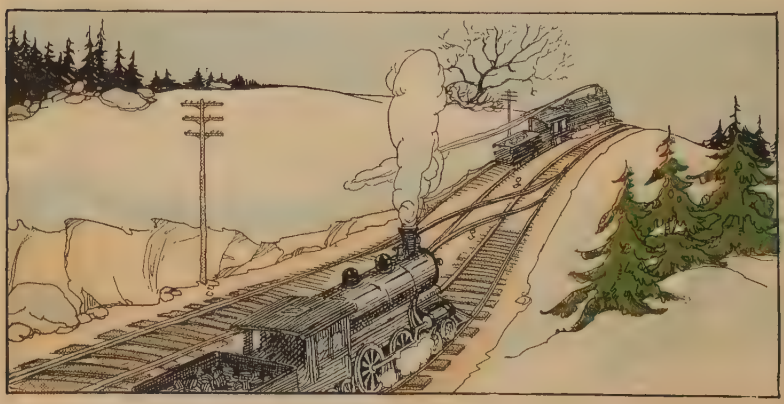
"We have Christmas toys for the children on the other side.

Will you help us, help us, help us?"

But the Small Engine would not stop.

It ran up the hill very fast, saying, "I never could! I never could! I never could!"

Soon it was over the hill.



After a long, long time a Tiny, Tiny Engine came along.

It had done all its work.

"Oh, Tiny, Tiny Engine, do you think you could help me and my cars over the hill?" cried the Little Engine.

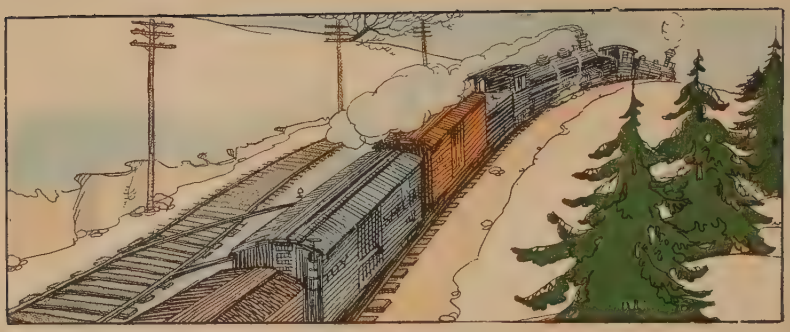
"We have Christmas toys for the children on the other side.

The children will be very sad if they do not get their toys on time.

Do you think you could help us, help us, help us?"

The Tiny, Tiny Engine answered, "I think I can! I think I can! I think I can!"

It took hold of the Little Engine and its cars, and away they all went, up the hill.



As the two engines puffed along, the Tiny, Tiny Engine kept saying, "I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can! I—think—I—can!"

Then it ran faster and said, "I think I can! I think I can! I think I can!"

At last it reached the top of the hill.

Then the Tiny, Tiny Engine sang, "I thought I could! I thought I could! I thought I could!"

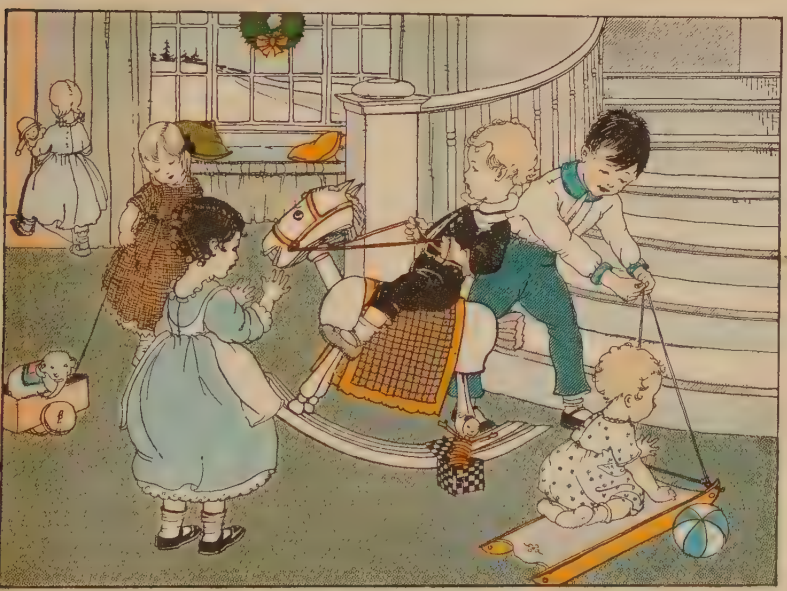
How happy the Little Engine was!

"Oh, thank you, Tiny, Tiny Engine," it cried.

Away the Little Engine went, down the other side of the hill.

And so the children got their Christmas toys on time.

—*Mable C. Bragg.*



ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS SONG

One Christmas morning old gray Pussy was walking beside the river.

She was hungry, and she was looking for some breakfast.

Soon she saw wee, wee Robin flying from tree to tree.

"Where are you going this cold morning?" Pussy asked.

Wee Robin answered, "I am going to the King to sing him a Christmas song."

What day was it?
What was Pussy looking for?
Where was wee Robin going?

Pussy said, "Do not go yet.

First come to the barn with me and see my pretty kittens."

But wee Robin said, "No, no, gray Pussy. Cats eat robins. I must go to the King."

Away flew wee, wee Robin. He flew until he came to a wall where Mr. Owl sat.

Mr. Owl was watching the little birds that flew by.

When he saw wee Robin, he called, "Where are you going this cold morning?"

Wee Robin said, "I am going to the King to sing him a Christmas song."

What did Pussy ask Robin to do?
Why would Robin not look at Pussy's kittens?
What was Mr. Owl doing?

Then Mr. Owl said, "First come here, and I will let you see my pretty wings."

"No, no, Mr. Owl," said wee Robin.

"You have hurt other little birds, but you shall not hurt me."

Away flew wee, wee Robin.

What did Mr. Owl say he would show wee Robin?

Why did wee Robin fly away?

In a little while wee Robin came to some trees.

There was Mr. Fox.

When Mr. Fox saw wee Robin, he called out to him.

"Stop, Robin! Where are you going this cold morning?"

Who was among the trees?
What did Mr. Fox ask Robin?

Wee Robin answered, "I am going to the King to sing him a Christmas song."

"Do not go yet," said Mr. Fox.

"First come here, and I will show you a white spot at the end of my tail."

But wee Robin said, "No, no, Mr. Fox. If I came near enough to see the white spot, you could catch me."

Then off flew wee Robin.

He flew for a long time.

He grew very tired, but he did not come to the King's castle.

What did Mr. Fox say to Robin?
Why would Robin not go near Mr. Fox?
What did Robin do then?

By and by wee Robin saw a little boy near a house.

The little boy was eating a piece of bread.

When the boy saw wee Robin, he called to him, "Where are you going, Robin, this cold morning?"

Where was the little boy?

Wee Robin answered, "I am going to the King to sing him a song this Christmas morning."

"Do not go yet, wee Robin," said the boy. "I want you to come and play with me in the house."

"No, no, little boy," said Robin. "I could not be happy in a house."

Away he flew.

At last wee Robin came to the castle.

Then he sat in the window, and sang a Christmas song for the King.

Why did wee Robin not want to play with the little boy?

What did Robin do when he got to the castle?

The King liked the song, and so did the Queen.

The King said to the Queen, "What shall we give wee, wee Robin?

He came a long way, and he sang a pretty song to us this Christmas morning."

The Queen thought for a long time.

Who heard Robin's song?
What did the King ask the Queen?

At last the Queen said, "Let us give him our wee Chickadee for a playmate."

Then she gave Chickadee and Robin some seeds for their breakfast.

Robin and Chickadee ate the seeds, and said good-bye to the King and Queen.

Then away flew the birds together.

—Carolyn S. Bailey—Adapted.

What did the King and Queen give wee Robin?
What did Robin and Chickadee do?

GOOD NIGHT!

What do I see in Baby's eyes?
So bright! So bright!
I see the blue, I see a spark,
I see a twinkle in the dark—
Now shut them tight.

What do I see in Baby's eyes?
Shut tight—shut tight.
The blue is gone, the light is hid—
I'll lay a soft kiss on each lid.
Good night! good night!

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

*PICTURE REVIEW LESSON**

What story does 1 make you think of? Tell it to the other children.

Tell the story also of 2, 3, and 4.

*See page 171.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Silent Reading Stories

The Silent Reading Material in this Reader (See pp. 6, 44-50, 84-91, 123-130, 159-167, and 169) has been carefully tested by actual classroom use. Three new and distinctive features make the work definite and easy to control: (1) Each story is phrased entirely in words previously known to the children; (2) In most cases, each page contains one complete unit of the story plot; (3) The bottom of each page contains one or more questions to test the child's ability to gain the content of the page that has been silently read. These questions, like the text, are all phrased in words previously known to the pupils.

Picture Story. (p. 6.) The first of these Silent Reading lessons (p. 6) is intended to link the stories that have been read in the *Child-Library Primer* and *The Elson Readers, Book I*, with the stories to be read in this book. Children should be given time to study the picture and to read the questions. Then the teacher may call upon some pupil to answer the first question. It will be noticed that several of the bird and animal characters occurring in the child's previous reading appear in the picture. This fact will be brought out in response to the second question. At this stage, the teacher may well call upon volunteers to retell briefly some of the previously read stories that contain various characters under discussion, as a summary and review of the preceding reading. The third question affords an opportunity to acquaint the children with the interesting content of the new book, arousing eager anticipation for the stories now to be read. In answering this question, have pupils quickly turn over the leaves of *Book One*, identifying the several characters by the pictures. Since some of the characters represented in the picture on page 6 (the fox, the robin, etc.) appear in more than one story, the teacher should explain to the pupils that two different identification of one character may be correct.

The Little Gray Lamb. (pp. 44-50.) The following suggestions for the use of the first complete Silent Reading story will serve as a type-lesson for selections of a similar character at the end of each group of stories in the Reader.

Aim of Work: To train children to read silently at a satisfactory rate of speed, and to gain the full content of the page, as tested by the question.

First Step: (Instructions by Teacher.) Open the Readers to page 44. We have a story to read by ourselves that has no word in it we have not read before. You may tell me the name of the story (The Little Gray Lamb).

You are to read silently the story on this page, and the question at the bottom that has blue lines around it. When you have finished reading, and can answer the question, close the book and raise your eyes. All eyes this way, and do not begin to read until I say *Start*. When I say *Stop*, close your books. Now get ready (good reading position with eyes on teacher); *Start*.

Second Step: (Silent Reading by Children.) As the children read, the teacher should watch for lip movement or finger pointing. Say nothing about such cases at this time, but use later development period to correct these habits. Say *Stop* at the end of a minute, unless you find that only a few children have raised their eyes at the end of this time limit. In such case it may be wise to extend the time, leaving until later the effort to increase reading speed. Too much attention to speed in the first few lessons is not advisable, since the pupils are being introduced to a new kind of work. During this silent reading period, the teacher should note the pupils who first indicate that they have completed the assignment. By calling upon such pupils first to answer the questions, the teacher will be able to find out which of the rapid readers have been developing slovenly habits of half-guessing at the thought.

Third Step: (Answers to Questions by Children.) As pupils are called upon for answers, ask the class to listen carefully to see if the child reciting gives the thought of the page with reasonable completeness. The resulting class discussion will show which pupils are real thought-getters, and which fail, either because they are slow word-by-word readers, or because they are satisfied to skim too rapidly and merely guess at the content. Remedial work should be done for such pupils in the basal development periods.

Fourth Step: Go over the page with the children, pointing out just where on the page the question was answered. Careful guidance at this stage will greatly increase the pupil's ability to read later page units effectively.

Now turn to page 45, and proceed as for page 44. The fourth step should be omitted as soon as the children are familiar with the work. From here on, the teacher will decide for herself the time to be allowed for each page. Care should be taken not to give too long or too short a time. Slow word-by-word readers should be made conscious of the fact that they read too slowly. The too rapid readers who are careless should know that they are not the best readers.

Picture Review Lesson. (p. 169.) The picture lesson at the end of the book may be used to review the four Silent Reading stories. The class may be divided into four groups, group one taking picture 1, etc. Each child will then study silently the picture assigned to him and think over the story it suggests. In most cases the pupil will need to turn back and find the story, look at the pictures, and read some, if not all of it. One child may then be called on to tell one unit of a story, another child taking it up when directed by the teacher. Others may be called on until the story is finished.

Phonetic Work

The vocabulary of this book offers excellent opportunity for establishing pupils more firmly in the use of the phonetic elements taught in *The Elson Readers, Book One.* In reviewing, as well as in first presenting phonetic elements, they should be taken up *"as one by one, they arise naturally in the child's reading."* (See *Manual for The Elson Readers, Book One,* page 184.) The following list shows the phonetic elements to be reviewed, together with the word or words from which each is taken.

ALICE AND THE BLUEBIRD: *ee*-see, bees; *s*-birds, bees, flowers; *ang*-sang; *old*-told, old; *own*-brown; *br*-brown, bring; *ow*-know; *kn*-know; *ound*-found, around; *ould*-could, would; *ing*-bring; *orn*-corner; *er*-corner; *ed*-bed.

THE BLUEBIRD: *ee*-tree, three; *tr*-tree; *thr*-three; *other*-mother.

HOW LITTLE BROWN BEAR GOT READY FOR WINTER: *ot*-got; *orn*-morning; *ing*-morning, going, calling; *all*-fall, all, calling; *ame*-came; *ade*-made; *am*-am, swam; *sw*-swam; *ook*-look; *ind*-find; *op*-stop; *st*-stop; *ake*-take; *ay*-stay; *ear*-hear, near.

HOW WEST WIND HELPED DANDELION: *ant*-plant; *pl*-plant, play; *ide*-outside; *out*-outside, about; *all*-wall, ball; *een*-green; *gr*-green; *ight*-bright; *br*-bright; *ell*-yellow; *ad*-had, sad; *un*-sun; *eed*-seeds; *ing*-wings; *ong*-along; *ind*-kind.

THE FOOLISH FOX: *ox*-fox; *ine*-fine; *ill*-will; *ack*-back; *et*-get; *in*-thin; *th*-thin; *at*-fat; *ide*-hide (final *e*); *id*-hid.

WHAT TINY RAINDROP DID: *op*-raindrop; *ig*-big, pig; *orn*-corn; *ad*-sad; *an*-can.

RAIN: *all*-all, falls; *ound*-around.

HOW THE CRAB FOOLED THE FOX: *ay*-day, lay; *and*-sand, stands; *un*-fun, run; *an*-can, ran, plan; *ould*-should; *sh*-should; *in*-win; *air*-air; *ie*-tie; *eed*-need; *ate*-gate; *ing*-holding, looking.

THE LITTLE GRAY LAMB: *ay*-gray, play, stayed; *other*-mother, other; *y*-cry; *cr*-cry; *eep*-sheep; *sh*-sheep, should, shook; *ould*-would, should; *ine*-vines; *ook*-shook; *air*-hairs; *ell*-fell, tell.

THE BOY'S CASTLE: *ind*-find, kind; *ay*-may, say, way; *y*-try; *tr*-try; *ark*-dark; *oon*-soon; *ow*-how, now; *th*-the, this; *eat*-eat.

A MOTHER'S SONG: *un*-sun; *eep*-sleep, creep; *sl*-sleep; *ind*-behind; *ill*-hill, still; *cr*-creep; *st*-still; *ear*-dear, near.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS GOLD: *old*-old, gold, told; *an*-man, than; *one*-alone; *ag*-bag; *ot*-not; *ear*-years; *each*-each; *eed*-indeed; *ine*-sunshine; *air*-hair; *o*-so, go; *ood*-good.

SELLING SNOWBALL: *oo*-too; *atch*-catch; *ot*-spot, dot, not; *sp*-spot; *sn*-snow; *all*-snowball, all; *ay*-away, may; *ack*-back; *ake*-awake, take; *wh*-why.

The Boy Who Needed No Help: *ot*-not, got; *ood*-good; *eed*-need; *ay*-day, away, lay; *ad*-had; *ook*-brook; *own*-town, down; *ong*-long, along; *et*-get, met; *ound*-ground; *en*-when.

Night and Day: *en*-when; *wh*-when; *out*-about; *ee*-sees; *ark*-dark, hark.

Runaway Brook: *op*-stop; *st*-stop, stay; *ay*-day, away, stay, may, say; *at*-that.

How Little Rabbit Went South: *ake*-wake; *ill*-will, still; *op*-hop; *ove*-above; *im*-him; *en*-then; *ox*-fox; *ood*-woods; *ide*-hide; *id*-hid, did.

Drakestail: *ing*-king, singing; *ear*-hear; *et*-let, get, met; *ake*-take, make; *e*-me; *en*-then, when; *y*-by, my; *ing*-singing, going, eating; *ide*-beside; *est*-nest, rest; *e*-me; *op*-stopped, top; *ate*-gate; *it*-bit; *ell*-well; *each*-reached.

The Star Money: *other*-mother; *eep*-sleep; *ing*-walking, crying, falling; *ead*-bread; *ark*-dark; *ound*-ground.

The Cup of Milk: *un*-run, sun; *ow*-cow; *ay*-may, hay; *ut*-cut; *ine*-shine; *y*-dry, my; *dr*-dry.

The Top and the Ball: *op*-top; *all*-ball; *pl*-playing; *ay*-playing, lay, day, stay; *ox*-box; *ound*-ground, round, found; *thr*-throwing; *ow*-throwing; *st*-stay, still; *sp*-spin; *in*-spin; *ill*-still.

Snowflakes: *sn*-snow; *ake*-flakes; *fl*-flakes, fly; *y*-sky, by.

The Little Black Pot: *one*-alone; *an*-man; *ow*-cow; *ell*-sell; *ot*-pot; *thr*-three; *ee*-three, wee; *eat*-eat, wheat; *ill*-filled; *atch*-catch.

George Washington's Birthday Party: *ack*-Jack; *ight*-bright; *ake*-make, cake; *oon*-soon; *and*-hands; *ut*-cut; *ag*-flag; *fl*-flag; *air*-air.

Helping Each Other: *own*-brown; *br*-brown; *ay*-Ray, played; *ut*-nut, cut; *ine*-mine, vine.

Jack's Thanksgiving: *ack*-Jack, crack; *all*-ball; *it*-sit; *ame*-came; *cr*-crack; *ie*-pie; *ot*-got.

The Little Engine: *ind*-behind; *ill*-filled, hill; *uff*-puffed; *ang*-sang; *each*-reached.

The Robin's Christmas Song: *ong*-song; *gr*-gray; *ee*-wee, tree; *ing*-king, sing, wings.

Good Night!: *ight*-night, bright, tight, light; *br*-bright; *ark*-spark, dark; *id*-hid, lid.

SOME BOOKS FOR A ROOM LIBRARY

The Child-Library series of Readers aims to *extend* the pupil's reading through suggestions of additional stories and books from the library. In the first grade, the "reading table" or room-library, now an essential in all grades, is probably the best means of establishing the reading habit and of giving training in independent silent reading.

Obviously children of this age cannot be sent to a public library to select books, and it is therefore best for the first-grade teacher to collect a few books which will be conveniently accessible to all the pupils. None of the books should be too difficult for the best readers, but allowance should be made for varying interests and abilities.

The brief list which follows is intended to suggest possible examples of typical books for a room library. Every teacher will be able to add to it from her own experience. Most of the books cited are sufficiently simple to be read silently by the pupils, but teachers may find it better to read portions of some of the volumes to the class.

Child Stories and Rhymes, Emilie Poulsson; Lathrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

Classic Stories for the Little Ones, Lida B. McMurry; Public-School Publishing Company.

The Garden of Happiness, Zoe Meyer; Little, Brown and Company.

Modern Fables, Laura Rountree Smith; A. Flanagan Company.

Little Mother Goose, illustrated by Willy Pogany; George G. Harrop and Co., London.

Mother Goose Children, Mary F. and Etta A. Blaisdell; Little, Brown & Co.

Once upon a Time Stories, Melvin Hix; Longmans, Green and Co.

The Palmer Cox Brownie Primer, Mary C. Judd; The Century Company.

Little Folks Magazine (Salem, Mass.).

Junior Home Magazine (910 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago).

WORD LIST

The following list contains the 98 words of this book that were not taught in the *Child-Library Primer*, or in *The Elson Readers, Primer* and *Book One*. Words printed in italic type have been developed phonetically in the work with *The Elson Primer* or *Book One*, and are therefore not new to the child when read in the pages indicated.

8 crawled

10 stem
dandelion

11 dances

12 color
fairies

18 Turtle

20 started
Frog
Beaver

21 bottom
mud

23 drink

24 *picking*
instead

25 watched

28 hard

31 fence
grapes
while

32 *thin*

33 *vines*

35 *needed*

37 plenty
enough
follow

39 umbrellas
ships

41 *win*

43 *holding*

51 castle

52 which

55 *King*
Queen

59 queer

60 rich

61 answered

62 most
arms

64 *hand*

66 *Dot*

68 sold
left

71 boat

72 pay

76 nice

78 porch
breakfast
often

81 pray
God

82 frolicsome

83 carry

87 *stood*

92 Drakestail

94 yourself

95 ladder

97 wasps

98 yourselves

99 servant

103 *bad*

105 throne
crown

106 cap
piece

109 shining
bought

110 cup
Spotty

113 dry
show
face

114 taken

116 *box*
leather

117 painted

118 throwing

119 spoiled

122 *lad*
lass

131 party

132 *cake*
dressed

134 surprise

138 toys

139 *mine*

141 smiled

142 ~~jack-o-lantern~~

145 letter

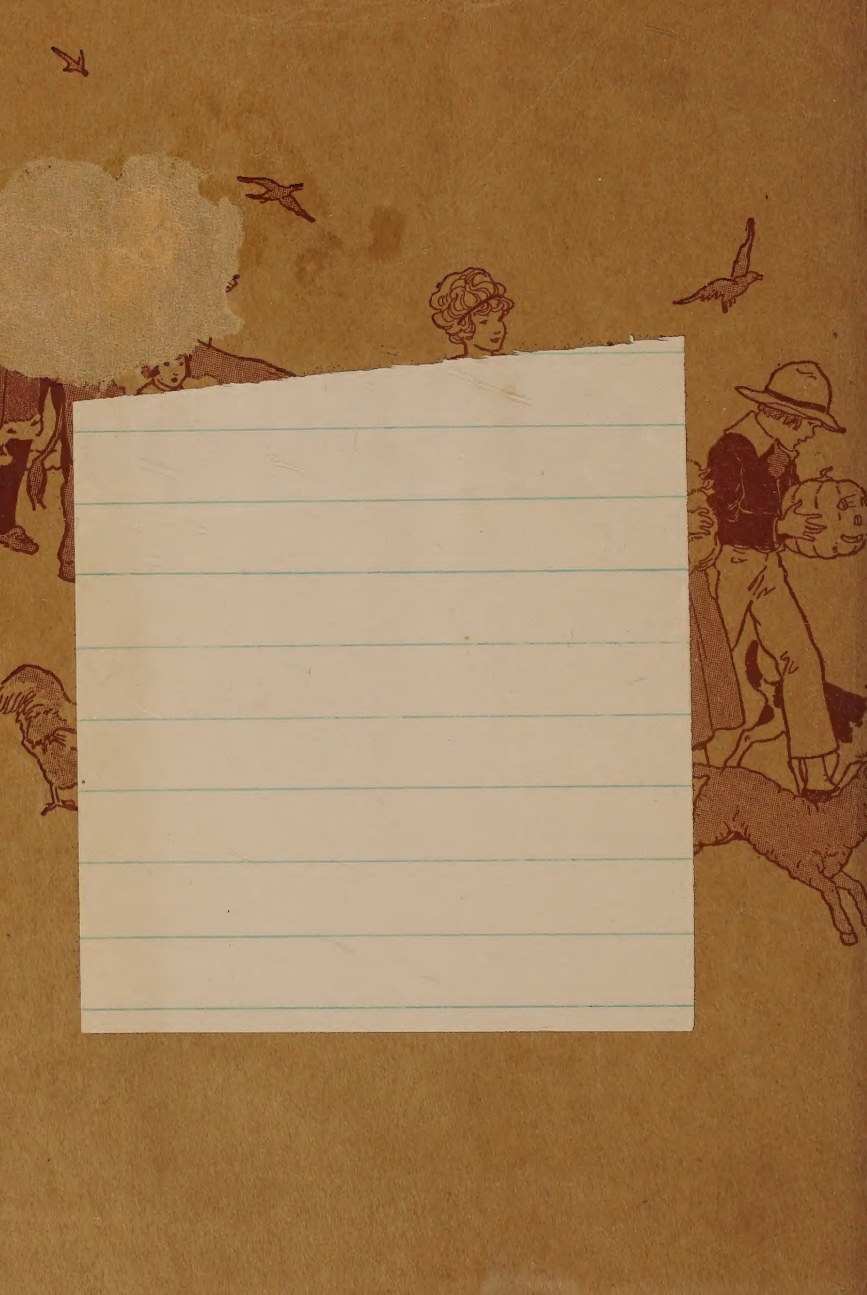
148 *pie*

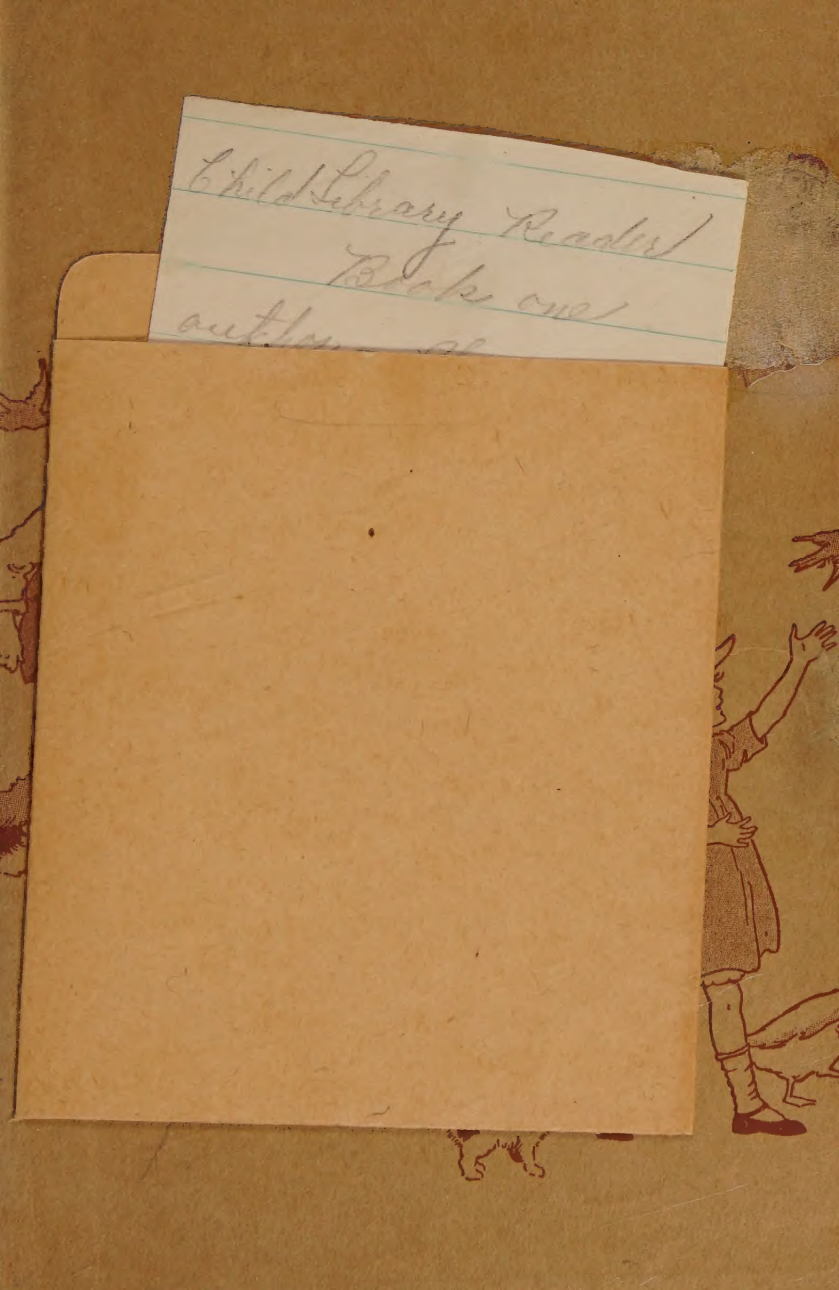
149 end

151 Engine
cars

153 done

168 *spark*
twinkle
tight
lid




Child Library Reader
Book one

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